Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

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Maine Farmer.

S. L. BOARDMAN, Agricultural Editor.

Agricultural Notices.

Fairs and Meetings to Occur.

[Will not secretaries of agricultural organizations please inform us of the time and place of holding their exhibitions and meetings, that our list of notices may be kept full and complete.]

MAINE POULTRY ASSOCIATION—Fourth Exhibition at Portland, Jan. 20–29, 1876.

EXHIBITION OF FARMERS' CLUBS—Harrison and Otisfield, Wednesday, Oct. 13th; Solon, at South Solon, Sept. 21.

MAINE STATE FAIR—Combined exhibition of State Agricultural, State Pomological, State Dairymen's and State Stock Breeders Societies at Presumpscot Park, Portland, Sept. 21–24. Entries to Live Stock and Implements Classes, close Sept. 7th. Samuel Wasson, Sec'y, East Surry.]

COUNTY EXHIBITIONS—Androscoggin, Lewiston, Oct. 3–7; Oxford, South Paris, Oct. 5–8; Western, Harrison, Oct. 6–8; North Franklin, Phillips, Sept. 29–30; Waldo, Belfast, Oct. 11–13; Sagadahoc, Topsham, Oct. 12–14; Lincoln, Waldoboro', Oct. 12–14; Aroostook, Houlton, Sept. 23–24; Cumberland County, West Cumberland, Oct. 5–7; Washington, Pembroke, Sept. 23–30; Western Piscataquis, Monson, Sept. 29–30; Somerset Central, Skowhegan, Sept. 29–30; West Oxford, Fryeburg, Oct. 12–14; Kennebec, Readfield, Oct. 5–7; Franklin Central, Strong, Oct. 13–13; North Knox, South Hope, Oct. 5–7; Knox, Thomaston, Sept. 28–30; North Kennebec, Waterville, Oct. 5–7.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY—Regular Meetings of Granges—Dirigo, Brunswick, Saturday evenings; Eastern Star, Hampden, Tuesday evenings; Forest, Lee, Saturday evenings; Golden Harvest, Carmel, Wednesday evenings; Northern Light, Winterport, Thursday evenings; Naples, first Friday evening in each month; Queen City, Bangor, Saturday evenings; Rising Sun, East Knox, Saturday evenings; Somerset, South Norridgewock, Tuesday evenings; Victor, Fairfield Center, Thursday evenings; Harvest Moon, Thorndike, Wednesday afternoons; Mystic Tie, Kenduskeag, Saturday evenings; Home, Brooks, Tuesday evenings at 61 o'clock.

A Reform in our Agriculture.

Things to be Done.

Just at this season while the matter is fresh in the thoughts of farmers, we wish to remind them of the great extent to which late sown grain has suffered from rust occasioned by the prevalence of damp, foggy weather, followed by days of burning sunlight. Now, why this late sown grain, this foggy, damp weather, this rust, those "pinched" or shriveled kernels, and consequent loss? Of course the late sowing of grain is due to the unfavorable condition of the ground in spring, the frequent heavy rains, water soaked fields, and backward weather. Some of these conditions it is impossible to avoid, others may to some extent be controlled and handled for the better. Draining will be found a grand thing to put fields in dry, suitable condition for sowing early in the spring, in spite of long continued rains—and this coming fall some jobs of thorough drainage should be well performed on every farm in Maine. If only a field of a few acres is thus improved by each farmer, the result for the State at large would be something surprising. During the spring, our farmers well know how quickly week after week will slip by, leaving the drenched fields to dry off through the influence of sun and air (a somewhat slow process where water stands in pools on the surface of the ground) while the wheat and barley is all ready to be put into the fresh soil; and they realize at harvest time—as they look at the rusting grain fields, which would have been ripe and plump for the harvest had the seed been sown two weeks earlier—the value of those two weeks lost in spring time, because they could not get on to the land to work it. And yet they will this very summer, so favorable for the growing and ripening of crops of all kinds, complain no doubt, of the dull weather, and the rust on wheat and barley, and the "half a crop" of pinched grain; blaming somebody for it as though it were a judgment upon them, and "just their luck!" But will they apply the remedy, and do those things in their power to do avert this condition; or will they fold their arms and complain of the "long spell of weather," and the uncertainties and drawbacks of farming? It seems to us farmers should have learned two or three things by this time. They should have learned that generally, during the hot, damp days of August, late sown grain almost uniformaly is badly injured by rust, that it does not fill out well, and as a consequence the yield is light and of poor quality—the kernels being shriveled and quite valueless. They should have learned that if wheat is sown very early it will ripen and be ready for harvest, making good plump heads, before the period when this damp, hot weather usually comes on. They should have learned that thoroughly drained fields will be in a condition to work and sow at least two week, earlier in spring time, than fields in similar situations, but not drained. They should have learned that in the fall preparation of ground intended to be sown to wheat the coming season, the grain may be sown as soon or even before the snow is fairly off, thus securing the generally sure advantage of a good yield and good weather in which to harvest the crop.

Now why will not our readers think these things over, think them over now while all these points are fresh in their minds and determine so far as they can to remedy them? How may this be done? By going to work this fall to drain some field on which you wish to sow or plant another year. It will be a permanent improvement the value of which will bring in enlarged results for a lifetime. By plowing, manuring and fitting the field on which you propose to put wheat another spring, so that as soon as the ground thaws enough to be harrowed, you may put the seed where it will be out of the way, and grow immediately the conditions are favorable for it. Even with the corn field, the land may be prepared, the rows furrowed out, the manure dropped and covered ready for the hills this fall, so that with the earliest approach of suitable weather in spring time the seed may be planted. It is true this system will bring an extra amount of labor upon the farmer for one year—but once inaugurated, the system will then be easier than the present mode. We are satisfied these things will be a great benefit to our farmers, and that they must be adopted and carried out if they would secure the best results of their labors. Will you not try it?

A Useful Chart.

Smith's Veterinary Chart is a most useful publication for all horsemen, breeders and farmers. It is in convenient form to hang in the office or stable, and shows by very accurate illustrations the muscles, anatomy and parts of the bones, the diseases, enlargements of horses in consequence of disease or injury, and the teeth at different ages—with full description of each. It also describes the various medicines for the horse, put up at Smith's Homœopathic Pharmacy, 107 Fourth Avenue, N. Y., to which send for copies.

Several Inquiries Answered.

Cranberry Growing.

(READER, Newbury.) The essentials for successful cranberry growing are a peat or muck soil, free from loam or clay; clean sand for covering the peat; a dam and water to overflow the vines when necessary, and thorough drainage. The turf should be removed down to the clear peat or muck, and then sand spread on to the depth of from four to eight inches—a foot perhaps would be better if sand could be obtained at reasonable cost. It is useless to attempt to grow cranberries unless the meadow can be flooded at will, and for this purpose a dam and gates will be necessary. The vines may then be covered with water as a protection from late or early frosts, and as a protection from insects. If a meadow is not thoroughly drained, weeds and water grass will grow and choke out the vines. The vines should be set in rows or hills two feet apart—the spring is the best time, during the months of May and June. The Bell and Cherry are the most approved varieties. To prepare a cranberry meadow in the most approved manner costs from $150, to $400 per acre.

Setting Strawberries.

(CONSTANT READER, China) Strawberries like a deep, rich, sandy loam; light and lively, well drained and as nearly level as may be. The plants are set both spring and fall, but the former seems to be the most natural and preferable of the two. Water with liquid manure, keep down the weeds, keep off all new runners, and strawberries will do well almost anywhere, and give an almost certain crop. As to varieties, there is much choice. Send to any reliable grower of small fruits, for a catalogue and make your own selection.

Oil Cake and Meal.

(QUERY, Dexter.) The supply of cotton seed meal and cold pressed oil cake is somewhat variable, and consequently the price of the same fluctuates to the same extent. The former comes in bags of 100 lbs. each, and is sold in this city at $2.62 1-2 per bag; the latter, when of good quality, is worth $3.75 per 100 lbs. in this market. These prices are furnished by B. Libby & Co., an old established and reliable firm, who always have both in stock. For larger quantities, a reduction from the above prices could be made. Dr. Voelcker estimates the manure made from a ton of oil cake to be worth $30, as most of the nitrogen, potash and phosphoric acid it contains is left in the manure.

Which to Top-Dress.

(F. W. B., Cumberland Centre.) The exact words of our correspondent's query are: "When shall I apply top dressing to grass land in order to obtain the best results; and will there be a loss if barn yard dressing be applied soon after haying, on account of its drying up?" It is difficult to say when the best results would follow top dressing, so much depends upon circumstances. Should a period of wet weather follow immediately after haying, the best result would be obtained from top dressing at that time; and even if rains did not at once occur we doubt if much loss would be occasioned by the manure drying up. The general belief now is, that manure spread broadcast on the surface as a top dressing, loses very little by evaporation or drying up. After haying is an excellent time to top dress, or it may be done in spring, if the manure is fine and the land not too moist. Some haul out the manure from the barn in winter, spreading it on grass land, and uniformly with the most satisfactory results.

Editorial Notes.

Geo. M. Shaw C. E., of this city, of the recent graduating class of the Maine State College, is engaged on the preliminary survey for the Lewiston & Augusta Railroad.

We learn that J. R. Bodwell, Esq., of Hallowell, has lately purchased the well known Swanton or Dr. Merrick place in that city, and will make it a model stock farm. The farm is admirably located on the high elevation in the southern part of the city, from which a grand view of the Kennebec valley both up and down the river is obtained. Mr. Bodwell will engage somewhat largely in the breeding of fine blooded stock, and has already made a purchase of several imported Jerseys which are pronounced superior animals, by those who have seen them. The farm is to be under the careful management of Mr. Warren H. Mooers, who was a former lessee of the place, and who is himself a practical farmer and breeder of long experience; and who was formerly in charge of the Hallowell City Farm.

Mr. Eugene Drummond of Waterville, has over two acres of land in roots—beets and turnips—the larger portion being the yellow globe turnip, which is a variety very highly esteemed. These he planted among field beans, by first planting the beans three feet apart, and sowing the turnips between the rows at hoeing time. He will then harvest two crops from the same land in one season; and with such crops as beans and turnips, the soil will not be any the worse off for it.

Mr. John M. Cross of Augusta, who has a farm on the east side about four miles from the city, has presented us with some splendid Red Astrachan apples, a sample of those which his young New York trees set eight or ten years, are now producing. The apple is rich in color, of a pleasant acid flavor, and we are inclined to give it higher praise for quality than most of the books credit it with.

We return thanks to Mrs. Otis Pierce of this city, for a hen's egg measuring 6 1-2 by 8 inches. If we only had a dozen such eggs, what a grand custard pie we *would* have!

Mr. Samuel Guild of this city, well known as a careful breeder of thoroughbred Jerseys, has a fine bull-calf three weeks old, which he will dispose of at a very reasonable price if parties apply for it at once. He was got by Cushnoc, (No. 1343 A. J. C. C. Register) out of Zora, a full blood Jersey heifer 16 mos. old. The calf is well proportioned, fancy marked, solid colors, and should find a better purchaser than the butcher.

Col. C. P. Mattocks of Portland, who has a fine stock farm in Balwin, and is devoting much attention to the breeding of fine animals, has recently purchased from Hon. Warren Percival of Cross Hill, a two year old Cotswold buck, with six ewe and three buck lambs of his get. They were bred from Loon is and Appleton stock, which were from imported animals—and are all very fine specimens of their breed.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Grange.

A Poem read at the Celebration of the Patrons of Husbandry in Troy, July 5, '75.

Over mountain and prairie comes ringing the voice
We have hoped for, for many a year—
'Tis no sound uncertain, no voice to deceive,
And it fills us with gladness and cheer.

We have plowed in the cold, we have toiled in the heat,
No labor too arduous has been;
Yet, when harvest was smiling, and plenty seemed near,
A strange cur laurels would win.

This voice, how it gladdens; this call to the Grange,
How it strengthens our hearts for new toil;
'Tis an army that's marshaling, silent but strong,
The army that's tilling the soil.

Up, brothers; no time for weak hearts to complain;
No time for contention and strife—
While entrenched are the enemy's lines round about,
And humanity's pleading for life.

Let us haste to the grange, let us work with a will,
For the harvest is yellow and gold;
Yet wrong stalks abroad, with unblushing parade,
And virtue is bartered and sold.

Let us strive for the right, for true justice to all,
Let us strengthen the weak ones to rise;
Let us teach by example and precept combined,
That all honor in true goodness lies.

Let us learn to forgive, for 'tis human to err,
And we all stand in need of the same;
Let us learn to forgive, 'tis so sweet, so sublime,
And our birthright divine thus proclaim.

Let past wrongs be forgotten, the present all bright,
The future all hopeful appear—
But never forget that the darkest days may come,
And keep our lights burning and clear.

Trim the lamps that the God-power has lit in each soul,
With steady, unwearying hand;
With Truth's glorious armor, drive error away,
And with Wisdom illumine our land.

Like our Hall, we're unfinished, the framework is built,
And some form to our structure appears,
But the work in its beauty, its power and might
Must still be the labor of years.

We're but rootlets, though spread far and wide thro' the land,
All unseen by the unpracticed eye;
Yet the tree that we nourish will shade from the heat
Of oppression, and wrong, by and by.

Let us all work in harmony, work with our might;
Never yield till the victory's won,
And in life's evening rest, in calm retrospect,
We'll be blessed with a cheering "well done."

God bless all our brothers, and sisters as well;
May we kind words and deeds interchange;
With emblems and pledges all faithfully kept,
God's blessing on "Seven Star Grange.

Plymouth. J. L. B.

For the Maine Farmer.

Thoroughbreds and Herd Books.

Dr. North's criticism in a late FARMER, "Judging at Fairs," is timely in noticing misjudgments that often occur at agricultural shows; yet he will allow that if even Gabriel were to sit in judgment, all competitors would not "get the premium," and disappointed ones might naturally reiterate "no greater farce ever sanctioned," "nothing so tends to demoralize breeders and results in such disastrous consequences to thoroughbred stock."

If memory serves me rightly, the chairman of a certain committee figured somewhat in last year's farce when his girthing chain (furnished by a cattle club,) was so short as to only encircle thoroughbr.ds registered by that "club," and "rule out" all others as grades! I was pleased to read the results of "A good Jersey Cow," in your issue of March 6th, in which the Dr. states that in 1873 he sold to Seth Andrews of Warren, "the Thoroughbred Jersey Cow May Flower, out of Dr. Holmes' Pansy 3d, which gave the following product last year, viz., a heifer calf fed on new milk five weeks, 147 quarts milk used, and 433 lbs. butter made.

Here let me briefly trace a Jersey family. Twenty-one years ago Dr. Holmes, then Editor of the MAINE FARMER, selected from Sam'l Henshaw's Jersey importations and brought to Winthrop, a cow and bull named Pansy 3d and Butter Boy. Pansy 3d was beefed "grasshopper year," four years ago, when 21 years old, by Mr. Coburn of Lewiston. She was a profitable cow then, but "hay was scarce and she was old." She produced eleven heifers and several males. Victoria Pansy, bred and named by Dr. Holmes, is one of the eleven, and way got by "Butter Boy." She will be 15 years old next January, comes in new milk next October, and has produced eight heifers and four males; has given the past year 35 lbs. of milk a day, 5 months from new milk, that yielded more than two lbs. of golden butter, and has six years more to live to the age of her mother. The value of Butter Boy's service to the Maine dairies is untold, both in pure bloods and grades. Cash for Pansy and Native cows got by Butter Boy, proved such great butter makers as to make many say "grades were best." Mark the increase and ownership of a single cow in twenty years. Pansy 3d, 1 to 12; then Victoria Pansy, 1 to 20, with the increase of ten others to be added; then Topsy, (one of Victoria's eight. with five heifers), one to twenty-six, with the increase of twenty-five to be added. I wondered why Dr. North called Mayflower "thoroughbred" last March, and ruled her as a grade at the last State Fair! Has the Doctor joined the State Jersey Association? The books are open.

The present committee on pedigree, whose decisions are final and without appeal, examine all entries of thoroughbreds to the State Fair not until their arrival to the grounds, and then rule out what animals in their judgment do not show by the evidence presented, to have "descended from imported animals." Cattle whose pedigree is recorded in certain Herd Books are *always* admitted, while others are debarred. In Jersey stock the Island Herd Books have registered 1753 animals, and judges there are governed in their decisions by *one hundred points of perfection*, of which *ninety-five* relate to quality, and *five* only to "registered pedigree." In this broad republic of ours, in the words of Sidney, we commission "no herald to inquire into men's pedigrees, it sufficeth if we know their virtues;" nor shall a "club" herald a pedigree solely to perpetuate the deformities of our ill-bred cattle.

In the FARMER of June 12th, appears a communication headed "The Jersey Cattle Club and the Winthrop Breeders," by the secretary of the club, who states, "We do not pretend to discriminate between good Jerseys and poor Jerseys," * * * the club itself, "in the exercise of its authority as an organization, stops short at the simple point of purity of blood." A simple point truly! made while the secretary admits that "it is quite true that hundreds of animals have been sent to this country and to England, which are no credit to the Island and of questionable (?) advantage to the countries receiving them." With all due respect, I would ask Secretary Waring or Secretary Pike what on earth a Herd Book is good for with but a single qualification for its registered animals—purity of importation?

I would most generously accord to the club more than the single point its Secretary claims, for after "the early importers had made the reputation of the breed in this country," the club was formed in 1870,—a hundred breeders and importers paid $50 each for membership, and registered about 3000 animals, and then ruled that "after June 1, 1872, no imported animal should be admitted unless already entered in the Island Herd Book," where *quality and pedigree* are counted as *twenty to one*. As a breeder of Jerseys and a member of the State Jersey Stock Association, I would cheerfully vote that all animals registered by the A. J. C. Club, and qualified as the offspring of registered parents, on the Island of Jersey, be entitled to record in our Herd Book soon to be issued.

Will not the Secretary of the "Club" explain to the "Winthrop Breeders" who are using the registered animals of the Club, Rainbow and Viking, out of the "State Fair prize imported cow Sunshine, 2477, why she is not registered in the Island Herd Book? Under what "restriction of rules" was she allowed to compete with Dr. Boutelle's imported prize cow Susie, from Jersey? Lady Maitland, 1605, A. J. C. C., should be exhibited by a breeder in Maine, who knows that "like begets like" as a complete specimen of "deficient udder," redeemed in "pedigree" by a "Club." Will not the Secretary also inform the public how many imported animals recorded by the "Club" have a clear record of acceptance by the Jersey Herd Book Society, where nothing is accepted that is not of "good quality;" (I use his own words,) and how many of bad quality have been purged from the Island and installed here by the "Club?" The Maine Jersey Stock Association require the list and will have it. Many valuable importations have been made by the "club," not excepting its honored President, and I believe it but in justice to those members, a minority of the club, it should be known who pays 100 guineas on the Island for a registered and highly qualified animal, and who pays £5 for a scrub.

In conclusion, Col. Waring writes in the July number of the *American Agriculturist*, that he has been seven years breeding Jersey cattle. I do heartily respect him as a public benefactor and intelligent breeder, who dares to say of his own herd that he has "a good many ragged hips and sloping rumps left," and that he offers the two best animals in his herd for John Carter Brown's Young Pansy, a magnificent cow, whose bag, when full, measures 50 inches in circumference. is 8 1-2 inches deep at the rear, and 16 inches long; with front teats 8 inches apart and hind teats nearly 6 inches, and teats 4 1-2 inches apart at the sides: all large and of good form, and standing squarely from the even surface of the udder." WINTHROP BREEDER.

For the Maine Farmer.

On Judges and their Duties.

In your issue July 3d, you gave place to a short article on the appointment of Judges at Fairs." In your issue of July 17th, "W" —which I presume means with authority—replied this, and until now no time has been found to repeat what was then said, and to show the weakness of some of "W's" positions. Meanwhile Dr. North has called attention to the same matter and given some most forcible illustrations of the failure of judges, or rather of the failure of the managers to appoint suitable judges for fairs. My former article was written simply to call forth an answer, hoping in this way to correct an evil which many feel exists. It was not written because I had personal objections to the appointment of judges, for I have yet to buy my first entry to the State Fair; but because from the stand point of a looker-on, there seemed to be need of pursuing a different policy. Dr. North having given ample illustration of the failure of the managers to appoint suitable persons as judges, allow me to consider the points raised by "W"—or rather the point, for the only thing attempted is to show the magnitude of the work of selecting persons to judge the almost endless variety of articles and animals on exhibition. No one doubts or denies the magnitude of this work, but the managers of our State Association receive compensation for just this work, and when they accept their positions they ought to realize the duties that will devolve upon them; at any rate the people have a right to demand that after they have accepted the positions of trust and honor, they shall faithfully perform the duties; and this is doubtless one of the most difficult, yet by no means to be slighted because such. As long as officers hold positions they will be asked by people to do their duty honestly and faithfully, and not excuse a failure on the ground of the magnitude of the work. To remedy this evil is, we know, a most difficult task, but it should be remedied as far as it is possible. Managers of county and town fairs take so little pains to secure attendance and services of proper judges that many of our best stock decline to show their stock at them. There are exceptions, we are glad to note, but we are speaking in general.

The great question is how shall this recognized evil be removed and people be brought to feel that it is their duty to put their stock, samples of their crops, articles of manufacture, &c., &c., on exhibition, and also to feel confidence in the managers of the fairs, that all possible to do will be done to give justice to all. Only one answer can be given to this question and that is to employ only thoroughly competent persons to act as judges, and pay them for their services. Another trouble is, a man is spread out too thin; because a man is a good judge of Jerseys, it does not follow he is competent to judge Durhams or Herefords. And "that's where we make our mistake."

The National Poultry Association has lately recognized and appointed certain men as judges of certain classes, recommending them to State and Local shows, but after a thorough examination of a large number they did not find one competent to judge all varieties but rather confined them to one or perhaps two similar varieties. The aim was to secure persons thoroughly conversant with their work and let them confine themselves to it. Where our agricultural associations take as much pains as this, we believe people generally will have greater confidence and will bring out their horses, cattle, sheep, swine, poultry, farming utensils and crops, and our manufacturers their wares, and that good will result to us all. At least this is the hope of your correspondent, who, having no "axe to grind," writes simply as an interested person in agricultural fairs, wishing to see them a success and an honor to the State, as they may be. T.

For the Maine Farmer.

Management of Witch Grass.

The article of your correspondent, Mr. Brown of Hampden, on eradicating witch grass, I have read with much interest, as I have had several trials in subduing that tenacious intruder in our grounds, and have found, so far as my experience goes, that nothing but eternal vigilance and keeping the hoe bright will keep it out of our light, sandy soil. I will give you the method practiced by one of my neighbors, with success, and ask if any of your numerous readers or correspondents have ever tried his remedy. A few years since he purchased a residence in my neighborhood. The garden attached to the premises had not been cultivated for several years, and was a solid bed of luxuriant witch grass. Passing his premises in the month of September, I found him at work spreading a thick coat of horse manure, from his barn cellar, over his witch grass sod. He informed me that he should not plough his garden till spring, and that the dressing he was applying would kill out all the witch roots during the winter. At the time I supposed he was quizzing—but the next spring I noticed his remedy was successful. He had spread the dressing close up to the fence but did not plow within two feet of his line, still the witch grass did not spring up, even on the unploughed borders of his garden. Having occasion a year ago to remove a couple of cords of witch grass sod I stacked it up three feet in depth, making the centre of the heap slightly concave, and covered it with a barrel of salt and several barrels of beef pickle, but even then, did not succeed in killing the witch grass roots. M.

Brunswick.

For the Maine Farmer.

Letter from Eastern Cumberland.

Amount of rain fall at Brunswick during the month of August, 1 9-10 inches. Highest thermometer 86°, Aug. 30; lowest 50°, Aug. 3; average warmest day 77°, Aug. 30; average coldest day 58°, Aug. 3. The first half of the month we had continued foggy and wet weather, which was bad for those who did not finish haying in July. Some of our best farmers have adopted the plan of finishing up their haying in the shortest possible time. They put on sufficient help to take care of the hay cut by a two horse mowing machine, running continually ten hours each day till the work is finished. A neighbor, who cuts about 35 tons, informs me that he harvested his entire crop in a week without having any of it wet. The dull weather has caused the rust to kill the potato tops, and the rot in the tubers has developed itself—but not very bad thus far. Early planted potatoes are yielding much better than usual. M.

Ellsworth.

For the Maine Farmer.

On Farming as a Business.

I have sown wheat every year during the sixteen years that I have farmed it, and always with fair success; excepting the memorable grasshopper year—that year having sown 20 bushels and harvested but 18. I raised last year 65 bushels, and have often raised over 100; one year, (1868,) I raised 203 bushels. While I would recommend its more extensive culture in Maine, I would by no one deceived in regard to the demands of this plant. It requires a high dairy situation, and a firm and retentive soil; although successful crops are often raised on our level, intervale farms. Yet it flourishes best on high land, which formerly produced a heavy growth of hard wood. I write the above lest some may abandon profitable crops on their sandy plains or low intervales, for the sowing of wheat, and sustain a loss and disappointment thereby.

The Question for Young Farmers.

Although I am aware some men will tell us that he is the most successful farmer who cultivates the plain and animals that will turn him the most dollars annually, yet this class of men belong with those that estimate the merits of a man by the amount of property he is worth, regardless of the way in which it was accumulated. And as the proper stocking of our farms with the best plants is the first question that will demand the attention of the young farmer, and before he can render a proper decision upon it, he must take into account the demand of the markets around him, together with the influence of plants on land, with the nature or capacity of his farm to produce the desired plant, and also his own tastes and capabilities to convert them into beef, mutton, wool, pork, or horseflesh, to the best advantage. In arriving at this knowledge, I believe the first question of the true farmer should be: What influence will this or that plant have upon the future fertility of my farm? for no good farmer desires to sacrifice the future pound for the present penny; (though I am sorry to say it is often done under our own observation). But I believe no man need hesitate to introduce the wheat plant on his farm, for its influence on succeeding plants actually appears to be beneficial.

A Pride in our Profession.

Again, it is our duty to build for ourselves homes, and adorn and beautify them with the pleasures and comforts of life. Who does not feel an honest pride when he is asked "Where do you buy your flour?" by answering, "I raise it, sir?" Should we not feel a just pride and enjoy it, when the stranger or distant relative visits us, in taking him over and showing him our farm, with its numberless evidences of an industrious and well spent life? Should we not feel a just pride and enjoy it when we produce our fine animals at our cattle shows—the product and development of those fine and desirable points which have cost us so many days of study as to how it might be done, coupled with the long years of physical labor it has cost to accomplish our disideratum? I say again when asked "where did you get that fine animal," should we not enjoy the answer *I raised it?* The meaning of the term "I raised it," should be cherished with patriotic zeal by every farmer. For if our calling be honorable, which all will admit, and we so desire, we can see many things the contemplation of which will secure to us many happy hours. I can say that after experiencing a variety of the labors, the joys and sorrows of others, that my happiest days were when I was dividing my farm with fences, or clearing up some old "mortgage;" to making "two blades of grass grow where only one grew before;" or doing something that would improve the farm, the crops or the stock. Some say no man need claim the loves to labor. I count it the greatest blessing ever conferred on man, for I believe it to be the only path to the maximum of happiness in this life, and consequently in that which is to come.

Farming the Safest Business.

Therefore, the true farmer, though he have some disagreeable tasks to perform, will enjoy his labors, though the insects sometimes destroy his crops; though frosts, drouths and floods may leave their memorable marks upon him; and fires may in a few hours wrench from his possession the results of long years of labor—yet if he be a reading and thinking man, he will see that all these calamities happen to men in all pursuits of life, but to the farmer the least of all. This very point offers matter for thought to young men who are about to select an occupation for life, and should select that which promises the largest amount of happiness; and I believe that after all things are considered, the farmer's is that calling, providing the man has any love for its varied pursuits and diversity of labor.

Much is said of late in your paper about Maine and the West, and as emigration is ever going on, I would say to those on the seaboard or elsewhere, who desire to engage in farming and would like to know something of Northern Maine, its soils, forests, price of lands, that I will correspond with them by letter, or through the columns of your paper, answering any queries they may propose in relation to this matter.

Bingham. CHARLES B. GILMAN.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Sweet Fern.

Queries of its Value as a Tanning Agent.

Will you not tell us in the next issue of the FARMER, what you know of the value of the sweet fern as a tanning agent? Is it sufficiently impregnated with the tannin principle to bring it into general use with tanners, and in what way is it prepared for their use? Is it, like the Sumac plant, ground and pulverised, or can its tanning properties be extracted and concentrated to a liquid extract, like that of hemlock and oak bark, barreled and in that form shipped to the tanner? What kind or varieties of leather are tanned with it? I know it is used for tanning lacing leather, to which it imparts great strength and unusual elasticity. Your reply to the foregoing interogations will oblige many of your patrons in this part of the State.

There are none of the native products of our soil that grow more abundantly than the sweet fern. It covers many thousand acres of our plains and burnt forest lands, on which it grows with great luxuriance. If it is valuable for the manufacture of leather, its utilization for that purpose may prove of importance to our people, as well as to the tanner in the leather manufacturing districts, where the growing scarcity of hemlock bark begins to be a matter of serious consideration with the tanners. I have supposed that this shrub, grown in the higher northern latitudes, like our own, was peculiarly valuable in the manufacture of all the varieties of leather for which the sumac is used, and for which it is held in so high repute. As the subject seems to come under the classification of matters on which the opinions of the FARMER are taken as authoritative, I trust you will give the subject that careful thought and attention its importance to our people seems to demand; not relying too much on what botanists or chemists may have written, for however eminent these Professors may be in research and in the field of science, they sometimes commit great mistakes in their estimate, by analyzation, of the properties of plants, shrubs and trees of the forest, native to our soil, by forgetting to take into consideration the effect the different degrees of latitude have in increasing or lessening these properties. To illustrate—an analysis of the varieties of oak in this latitude, shows little or no tanning principle; while the same varieties, grown south of the Potomac, and on the Ohio river, are rich in tannin. The same is true with the sumac plant. On the contrary, the hemlock and sweet fern, increase in their percentage of tannin as they approach the higher latitudes, all of which are facts well understood by you, no doubt, as having been practically demonstrated, long since, through mechanical uses in our manufactories. I only allude to these facts as a caution that you may not, in answering my interrogations, be misled through undemonstrated theories, found in many scientific works of the day. G.

Ellsworth.

For the Maine Farmer.

Pruning Fruit Trees.

I notice a query from Samuel Merrill of Parsonsfield, in the MAINE FARMER of some time since, in relation to trimming young fruit trees, in these words: "Is, or is it not best to trim young trees." I answer in the affirmative. Judiciously prune and train up in the way they should grow, and when they fruit, will be all right, if suitably cultivated. Now as to the season of the year, I will say, that it is amusing to listen to the experience of many men in regard to pruning fruit trees. One says, "I always prune when the trees are in blossom;" another, "I *alons trimz* on the *increase* or *full of the moon* in August;"—another, "I never would touch a tree to trim it, except in November;" and yet, another, would trim only in February or the spring months, and they *all* assured me that they were always successful in their practice, and would prune at no other time. Now, if their experience is true, the conclusion or inference is, that it will do to trim at any, and all seasons of the year or when the knife is sharp. My experience is, that previous to using the knife and saw in pruning, all fruit trees should be put in suitable condition by supplying the soil with all the elements that are necessary to make healthy, vigorous leaves, without which no thick layers of wood can be produced to cover the wounds made in pruning. Much might be said here of the utility of the leaf—it being the organ on which all vegetable products as well as growth in the vegetable kingdom depend; —but I must leave it for some future communication. I have no sympathy with the practice of starving fruit trees, till they faint away, and their leaves turn pale, and are about as large as a cat's ear; and then trying to trim and scrape them to life again. Under any and all circumstances, prune judiciously, knowing how, where, and what you wish to do. Much depends on what you wish to accomplish in trimming fruit trees. If you wish to remove dead limbs, and thin out your trees generally, it may be done at any season of the year, but if your object is to dwarf or check growth that your trees may fruit, check their growth in the growing season, (June and July) by cutting back three fourths of the last year's growth on the crowns, that they may form fruit buds in August following. Latent buds that usually start the first of June, should be brushed off the last of June or first of July. To save this expense it would be better to trim in August, then if dormant buds become excited into growth, they will not survive the severity of the following winter. But if pruned in the autumn, winter or spring months, will be excited into growth the ensuing summer. Trees budded in August should be cut back in May, or as soon as they start to grow. Spur buds on the bodies of young trees, (while growing in the nursery) should remain that their bodies may grow more stocky; if they start to grow out, pinch out the terminal bud or cut them back. The above has been my observation and experience reaching over a period of many years. A. SMITH.

Monmouth.

For the Maine Farmer.

Inquiries for Correspondents.

I have an interval farm in Hiram, several acres of which is meadow, and adjacent to it are several acres of land sloping gradually from the meadow toward higher land, but low enough to be covered some three weeks in the spring by freshets on Saco river, and occasionally by high water at other times. It bears some wild grass, *porgum*, and buck-horn brakes. I wish to plow a portion of it, and form it into beds some four rods in width, with a central ditch between, in such a manner as to drain it, and hold and carry off the water. Any readers of your valuable paper—who have had experience in such matters, will confer a favor by informing me through the columns of the FARMER in regard to the best method of preparing such land, also the best time to sow grass seed on it, what kind of grass is best adapted to such land, and will bear the greatest exposure from standing water, and produce the most abundant and valuable crop. Also the amount of seed required per acre, and the most suitable time to sow it. ELI CLEMONS.

Hiram.

For the Maine Farmer.

Agricultural Intelligence.

Meteorological Observations.

An abstract of the Meteorological Observations taken at the State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, for the month of August, 1875, by Prof. M. C. FERNALD.

Lat. 44° 53' 10" N. Lon. 68° 38' 57" W.
Altitude above the sea, 134 feet.

Mean temperature,	68.20
Maximum "	87.8
Minimum "	45.3
Mean of warmest day, (29th,)	74.8
Mean of coldest day, (2nd,)	59.9
Mean per centage of cloudiness,	.43
Am't rain in guage,	2.32 in.

Direction and force of winds:—N. W. & W. .25; S. W. & S., .57; S. E. & E., .16; N. E. & N., .02.

Mean height of barometer in inches,	29.893
Maximum " "	30.213
Minimum " "	29.711

Mean force of vapor sufficient to sustain a column of mercury in height, .557in.
Mean humidity of the atmosphere, .81

Note from Massachusetts.

I am highly pleased with your paper for the many valuable hints it contains on farming, and it forms a good agricultural guide for this state as well as Maine. Southboro' is situated 27 miles from Boston on the Boston and Albany R. R., in Worcester County. Potatoes are rotting badly here and very much so on the low land; hay crop good and well secured; grain comes in well, late sown is rusty, yet fair; apples are almost a failure. C. G.

Southboro', Mass., Aug. 29.

From Northern Franklin.

Potatoes are rotting some in this vicinity, those that were early planted; there being no signs in the late planted, but the prospect for a large crop is not great. Vegetation has matured rapidly for the past month. S. D.

Phillips.

A Fruit Note for "Brier."

A cold rain storm or a scalding hot sun, when the trees were in bloom, was probably the cause of the blighting of your correspondent "Brier's" apple trees. Thinning out a too thick top will cause a tree to hold its fruit till it ripens. When a young tree is making too much wood it will not hold its fruit. Formerly I practiced grafting my native trees in the limbs after ascertaining the quality of their fruit, and to cause the young trees to blossom when they were of sufficient size, I partially girdled or tied tightly a small cord around a limb, after the tree had leaved out, which generally caused a yield of fruit the next year. M.

Brunswick.

Trained Steers vs Dogs.

There can no longer be any doubt that cattle shows and agricultural fairs are doing a great work and fostering the interests they are designed to promote. Up at the New England and New Hampshire fairs at Mancester this week, "for instance," as the Portland postmaster would say, the premium for trained steers is to be $10 and for trained trick dogs $25. That shows an intelligent appreciation of whose pockets the money is going into.—*Boston Herald.*

Farm News, Notes, and Queries.

Some farmers are just finishing haying and have a heavy crop. Grain is good. wheat excellent, potatoes badly rusted, with indication of rot. Apples nearly a failure—only a few small and very wormy ones being found. S. N. T.

North Castine, Sept. 1.

Mr. Everett A. Penney of West Waterville, contributes to our egg basket, a generous sized egg the product of a Light Brahma pullet.

Woman's Department.

For the Woman's Department.

Bread-Making.

It is surprising to observe how many families use bread raised by the effervescence of soda with sour milk or buttermilk, when it is so variable as to color, weight, flavor and digestibility, and essentially injurious from the soda it contains. It would be better for us all to return to the raised bread of our grandmothers, though we may easily improve upon their methods of making yeast. "Pshaw!" some one exclaims" soda bread never hurt *me*, and as for yeast bread, I never tasted any that was not either sour or bitter."

My dear friend, please do not on that account decline to believe in the existence of yeast bread without these faults, and do not forget that the devotees of tobacco and spirituous liquors claim for themselves immunity from their injurious effects. We must accept the verdict of men more proficient in scientific knowledge than ourselves, as to the effect of soda used daily in such quantities as are necessary to make light bread—often any thing but light in color. Aside from the advantage of healthfulness, bread *well made* from potato yeast will soon win converts to itself because of its superior lightness and delicacy of flavor. No other *cereals* so well. It can be served in the form of hot rolls or biscuit, cold slices or toast, and in every way it is delicious, but probably not much more healthful when newly baked than other hot bread. As an occasional variety, rolls or biscuit nicely prepared with soda, or milk-raisings, provided the fermentation be arrested before it become putrefaction, are in no way objectionable, but rather heighten the flavor of the next meal from yeast bread!

An excellent recipe for yeast is the following: Boil for about fifteen minutes in a quart of water a handful of common hops or a square inch of pressed hops tied in a

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Sept. 11, 1875.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

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Collectors' Notices.

MR. J. P. CLARK is now calling upon our subscribers in North Penobscot and Aroostook County. P. O. address Riverside.

MR. C. S. AYER will call upon our subscribers in Franklin County during August and September.

MR. S. N. TABER will call upon our subscribers in Hancock county during the month of September.

Important Legal Decision.

The Superior Court of New Hampshire has recently rendered an important decision involving the liability of makers of promissory notes obtained from them by fraud, when such notes have fallen into the hands of what are usually denominated "innocent third parties." The circumstances of the case are briefly as follows:

On the 1st of January, 1872, Lorenzo Smith, of Tilton, N. H., gave his note for $140, made payable nine months after date, to R. M. Grems, which note fell into the hands of Leonard Gerrish of Franklin, and thence into the custody of the Citizen's National Bank at Tilton, who purchased it, shortly after its date, in good faith, without notice of any defect. An action for the recovery of the amount of the note was raised in March, 1874, and committed to a referee. The signature was admitted to be genuine by the defendant, who pleaded that, when he signed the paper, he did not contract to give any note, nor had he any suspicion that he was signing one, but was fraudulently induced by Grems to sign it under the pretence that it was an agreement to become agent of a patent hay-fork; that he, in assuming such agency, was to incur no pecuniary liability, and that the note was wholly without consideration, &c. The referee ruled *pro forma* that the plaintiff was entitled to recover the amount of the note and interest thereon from its date. The questions of law rising from this report of the referee were carried before the Superior Court for determination.

The defendant's counsel argued that there was no knowledge, no consideration, no consent and no delivery of the note on the part of their client; that what he had done was not through free exercise of his will, but through an outrageous and unmitigated fraud; that the instrument upon which the plaintiff sought to recover was not legally, or in fact, the note of the defendant; that he was no more bound by it than if it had been a forgery, signature included; and that, in contemplation of law, it was but a piece of blank paper to which no validity was given by its negotiable form.

The Superior Court at its session commencing Aug. 22, 1875, decided the case in question. Mr. Justice Ladd delivered the leading opinion, and the Court was unanimous in sustaining it. It was lengthy, exhaustive and able. Its import in brief was: That notes given when the signer had no intention of signing such instruments, were void in the hands of innocent holders, unless the signer was guilty of negligence proved by all the circumstances of the case; and that whether a signer was thus guilty or not, was a question of fact for a jury and not for the court to decide.

A case involving similar points has also been decided in the same way by Chief Justice Foster of New Hampshire, acting as referee, and the action of the highest judicial authority in New Hampshire is of great importance to hundreds and thousands of persons who have been similarly swindled by the venders of patent rights.

While at North Conway recently, we were informed of a swindler who had travelled through the western towns in Maine and the border towns in New Hampshire, and some of the most intelligent farmers in that region were among the victims of his frauds. He professed to be the agent of a corporation engaged in the manufacture of agricultural implements, and his purpose, as stated by him, was to establish sub-agencies wherever he could. These sub-agents were required to give notes payable on delivery of a certain number of mowing machines or other agricultural implements, but the conditions were written separate from the note, although upon the same sheet. The practice of the scoundrel was to detach the conditions and then sell the notes to parties who had no knowledge of how they were obtained. Of course the agricultural implements were not sent, and in due time the victims were made aware of the fraud that had been perpetrated upon them by a notice that their "promises to pay" had found their way into the bank, and must either be paid or protested.

Hundreds of similar notes have recently been obtained in different parts of New England by unprincipled swindlers, and we are glad that their nefarious operations will be checked if not brought to an end by the decision of the New Hampshire Court, for the effect of this decision must be to put "innocent third parties" on their guard against buying notes of hand, until they are certain whether or not they were honestly obtained.

We have always believed that in these swindling patent right cases the second party was as likely to be as "innocent" as the third, and even more so, and the New Hampshire courts have so decided. They declare that it is not a question of law, but of fact; one which the jury is competent to decide and not the court, and it would be difficult to find a jury that would give a verdict against one who had been victimized by a patent-right swindler. We believe that this decision coming from a judiciary celebrated for its intelligence, though in another State, is of much more than local importance, and will be recognized as good law in other States.

☞ At the centennial exercises at Waterford Wednesday last, a horse which had been hitched to a fence near the stable of Mrs. Brown on the opposite side of the street, broke away, and becoming frightened, dashed out of the yard, leaping the gate, throwing it down with a crash; thence across the street with the rope halter, from which dangled a heavy fence rail, he leaped among the terror stricken people, flying, as it were over their heads, and ran nearly to the stand, when becoming entangled among the plank seats and thrown down, he was fortunately secured and led away. The most intense and passionate excitement prevailed for several minutes, all supposing that many persons had been killed or terribly injured. The result though not so disastrous as was feared, was as follows: Mr. Andrew Woodbury of Sweden, leg broken below the knee; a young daughter of Geo. Locke of Norway Village, leg broken above the knee; and Mrs. Frank Hobson of No. Waterford, seriously injured. Several surgeons being present, the wounded persons had prompt professional treatment, and some of them were able to be removed to their homes that afternoon.

☞ Gov. Ames of Missippi, has sent a communication to the President setting forth that domestic violence of an aggravated nature exists in the lower part of the State, and asking for the aid of government troops.

CITY NEWS AND GOSSIP. Minnie and Annie G. Mack have been sent to the Industrial School for girls at Hallowell.——W. E. Lynn, late of the firm of Lynn & Shaw, grocers, was buried Monday forenoon with Masonic honors. He was a member of the City Council.——Vassal D. Pinkham of this city, is the owner of seventy-five horses.——An epileptic dog was killed on Water street Friday.——Dr. L. J. Crooker has gone on a five weeks vacation to his former home in Halifax.——Dog days ended Sunday, and we may reasonably hope for more agreeable weather. The hot stifling, sticky days of last week were exhausting to body and mind.——Hezekiah Leard, a saloon keeper in this city, was stricken down with apoplexy Monday, and died Tuesday. He was the heaviest man in town, weighing considerably more than three hundred pounds. ——We learn that Charles Quinby, son of Rev. Geo. W. Quinby, was recently quite severely hurt at Hurricane Island where he was employed as fireman on a stationary engine.——One Cummings, a horse thief was committed to the Augusta jail last week by Sheriff Millay of Sagadahoc.——Andrew Gallop was fined for drunkenness Monday; he paid up and was discharged. ——The quarterly inspection of the Insane Hospital was had last week, by Messrs. Woodbury, Wakefield and Shorey of the Trustees. The number of patients was about the same as at the last inspection. Everything reported in good condition.——Hon. W. C. Parks of the Sandwich Islands, has been visiting in this city.——The Board of Aldermen will be in session a portion of each day during the rest of the week to correct the voting list.——Uncle Tom's Cabin will be played at Granite Hall on Monday evening next.——The two Masonic bodies in Augusta, have voted to vacate their present hall after the termination of their present lease in March. The joint committee is instructed to provide other accommodations.——There were twelve deaths in this city in the month of August.——W. E. Percival was before the Municipal Court, Wednesday, charged with an unlawful attempt to influence votes but was discharged. ——Dr. Dupree, the famous chiropodist from New York, will be at the Mansion House next week.

☞ The fall meeting at the Oakland Park in Gardiner was opened Tuesday. The first race was for 3 minute horses for a purse of $250. There were sixteen entries, but only five horses put in an appearance. The race and first money was won by the brown gelding Forest King, owned by Maj. John T. Richards, of Gardiner, in three straight heats. Time—2.44, 2.43 1-2, 2.44. Second money was given to Gen. Lyon and third money to Androscoggin Boy. The race for 2.31 horses for a purse of $300. There were six nominations, two of which failed to come to the wire. The two first heats were won by Ayer in 2.38 1-2 and 2-35. The remaining three heats were won by Phil. Sheridan who took the first money. Time 2.34, 2.36 1-2. Ayer was given the second money and Dare third. On the second day the first race called was in the 2:38 class; purse $250. Five horses started. Won by Prescott's black stallion, Gen. Lee; best time 2.38; g g Ned-2d; Anson Bell, 3d. The stallion race was next called and was very exciting throughout. Four horses started and the race was won by Joe Hooker, with Messenger Knox 2d, and King William 3d. Maine Slasher was distanced in the third heat for alleged foul driving. The following is the summary of the stallion race:

Joe Hooker,	3 4 1 1 1
Messenger Knox,	1 1 2 3 3
King William,	4 3 3 2 2
Maine Slasher,	2 2 dist.

Time—2.32 1-2, 2.31 3-4, 2.33 3-4, 2.35, 2.37.

☞ The companion to the sewing machine, so long wished for by tired mothers or housekeepers who look with dismay upon the vast pile of "holy" stockings which cumber her work basket, has at last been invented, and the work of hours will soon be done in almost as many minutes. The machines are not yet for sale, but will probably be out in a month or two. Holes of all sizes and shapes in stockings, undershirts, drawers or any knit fabric, may be closed with the greatest faculty and ease and by change of parts either coarse or fine running or darning may be done as required. The invention takes but little room and when in use is clamped to the edge of any common table, while the price at which the machines are sold, $10.00, places them within the reach of all who need them. Persons who have seen them in operation speak in the highest term of the neatness, facility and rapidity with which they perform their work.

☞ The steamer Clarion took two hundred or more people from Augusta, Hallowell and Gardiner Sunday morning to Richmond, to attend the Seventh Day Advent camp-meeting, which opened the 2nd inst., and continued until Wednesday morning, the 8th. The meetings the past week have been well attended, and Sunday two thousand people were on the grounds. The morning discourse was by Elder James White of Oakland, Cal., from 1st Peter, iii 3-15—"But sanctify the Lord God in your hearts," etc. The speaker dwelt on the principal points of the Advent faith, personal coming of Christ, etc. In the afternoon, Rev. Mrs. White of California, spoke from the words "He that overcometh, etc." She was listened to with interest by a large congregation. Among the principal personages in attendance at the meetings are Rev. J. S. White of California, Rev. J. O. Corliss and Rev. W. Smith of Michigan.

☞ There was a large number of persons called at Knowlton's shop Wednesday to see the casket which had been made to receive the remains of the late H. Leard. It was 32 inches across, 23 in depth, and six feet ten inches long. On account of its size it could not be taken to the cemetery in the city hearse. Leard was about 40 years of age. A few years ago he was employed on the river and was lithe and active, but his vast accumulation of adipose had rendered him clumsy, and while he ate enormously he took but little exercise. He was a good subject for the disease which carried him off.

☞ Miss L. Cherrington is canvassing this city for Abbott's History of Maine, soon to be issued from the well known publishing house of B. B. Russell, Boston. The history will be profusely illustrated and beginning with the early discoveries along the coast, will give an account of the first settlement and trace the progress of the State down to the present time.

☞ Some of the papers are anxiously inquiring for the Northern lights and the August meteors, and then the enquiry is made about the diminishing spots on the sun, and what connection all of these have with the earthquakes, volcanic eruptions and tornadoes, this season which have abounded.

☞ The Fair at Jonesboro will be held September 22 and 23, being Wednesday and Thursday, one week earlier than at first advertised. This was done to avoid the Fairs at Ellsworth and Pembroke, which come off Sept. 29 and 30.

Exhibitors of Stock and all kinds of products and goods will please note the change.

There will be a large Show, and one of the best, if each one does as well as he now thinks he will.

☞ At Charter Oak Park, Hartford, Conn., on Thursday, Goldsmith Maid trotted a mile in 2.16 1-2, making the last quarter in 33 1-4.

☞ At Mystic Park Thursday the celebrated stallion Smuggler trotted a full mile in 2.19 1-2, beating his previous record.

THE STATE ELECTION. On Monday next the people of Maine will exercise their prerogative as the free citizens of a sovereign State, in electing their rulers for the ensuing political year. Except in a single district, the officers to be elected are for the State. In the fourth Congressional district a representative to Congress is to be elected to fill out the unexpired term of Gen. Samuel F. Hersey, deceased. Until recently the campaign has not been carried on with much vigor by either political party, and the indications are that a light vote will be polled. It is what is usually denominated an "off year in politics." No capital prizes such as positions in the Congress of the United States, save the exception already mentioned, are to be contended for, and therefore there will be no extraordinary efforts made to bring the voters to the polls. The campaign has had one characteristic which will particularly distinguish it, viz.: that of extreme personality on the part of the political press. Personal character has been as sailed in an inexcusable manner and to such a degree that the real issues of the campaign, if there are any, have been almost entirely lost sight of.

An honest and economical management of the affairs of the government, reform in the civil service and a return to specie payment at the earliest practicable moment, go to make up a platform broad enough for any party, and where both parties adopt the same set of principles, it remains only to select the men for office who will most efficiently and intelligently carry these principles into practice.

One of the demoralizing practices which has become too common in late years, will not be likely to be witnessed to any great extent this year. We refer to the unlawful use of money in elections. The chief source of suffrage corruption comes from contests in closely contested districts, when candidates are contending for lucrative offices, but the compensations for the offices to be filled at this election are not such as to tempt a great expenditure of money to secure them, especially in these hard times. For the past few years we have felt that the right of suffrage has not been as honestly exercised as it was twenty-five years ago, and it has appeared that a cancer has been growing at the heart of our Republican form of government, which has threatened its ruin, and we trust it has been seen in season to avert the danger. Certainly it seems as though both political parties were disposed to discountenance the use of money in elections, and we trust the dangerous practice may be no more resorted to. We can conceive of no more abject and contemptible phase of American manhood than that which will barter away the sacred right of suffrage for a few paltry shillings, though the ignominy of the infamous transaction is nearly equally shared between him who sells and him who buys. The punishment for both should be disfranchisement forever.

We believe it to be the sacred duty of every man to go to the polls and vote. Indifference only throws the administration of the affairs of government into the hands of the designing and corrupt. He should not go as a blind partizan, but as a free, intelligent citizen of a great Republic, whose principles he is in duty bound to uphold and perpetuate. Principles should be first considered, and then the offices should be filled by men who will be true to those principles. Bad men will sometimes be the champions of good principles, but it is always from selfish motives, and it is not safe to depend upon them. The caucus system though convenient in party machinery, is liable to great abuses, and when an unworthy person succeeds through fraud and trickery in securing a nomination, it is the boldest effrontery to claim that he should be supported at the polls because of such nomination. As a lesson to himself and a warning to others, he should be defeated. The conscience cannot be bound by a mere caucus nomination.

The character and principles of the men who are to be supported for office at the polls next Monday, are not entirely unknown to the people of the State, though we trust no one has formed his conclusions entirely from the exaggerated statements of the partizan press; and we presume that, as a general thing, men will vote in accordance with their convictions of duty and right. There is one gratifying thought in connection with our annual elections, and that is that whatever party may succeed, the other will cheerfully acquiesce as good citizens, and we shall have no such rebellion and anarchy as frequently follow an election in some of the South American Republics.

☞ A State temperance camp meeting was organized at Sebago Lake last week, and the following officers were elected:

President, E. C. Farrington, Fryeburg.
Secretary, H. A. Shorey, Bridgton.
Treasurer, Sam'l Dingley, Sebago.
Corresponding Secretary, Joshua Nye, Augusta.

Vice Presidents, Owen B. Chadbourn, Saco; E. W. Stetson, Damariscotta; J. K. Osgood, Gardiner; Cyrus Sturdivant, Portland; Dr. Reynolds, Bangor; Gen. Neal Dow, Portland; H. M. Bryant, Lewiston; Mr. Kelley, Winthrop; A. Little, Portland; Rev. I. Luce, Portland.

Executive Committee, Capt. J. B. Coyle, and Job Sanford, Portland; B. F. Hamilton, Saco; Ward B. Hutchins, Fryeburg; Caleb Chaplin, Harrison; Joshua Nye, Augusta; A. Little, Portland; E. C. Farrington, Fryeburg.

Resolutions were passed making presidents of all reform clubs and chief officers of all other temperance organizations, vice presidents of this association; also to hold a camp meeting at Lake Sebago next year.

A meeting will soon be called to more fully perfect the organization.

CUMBERLAND BAPTIST ASSOCIATION. The Cumberland Baptist association closed an interesting session at Brunswick Thursday. Dr. Shaller was chosen moderator, G. B. Ilsley clerk, and J. B. Mathews treasurer. The introductory sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Ilsley from the word "Counsellor," Isaiah ix. 6. The doctrinal sermon on the "Personality of Satan," by Rev. W. T. Sargent, was an able effort, expounding the teaching of Scripture on the subject. An important paper was read by Rev. W. T. Whitmarsh on the Endowment of Academies. Impressive and interesting sermons were also preached by Rev. E. Nugent and I. Leland. Rev. J. F. Norris, the returned missionary from Burmah, deeply interested the audience with accounts of the heathen and the success of their labors among them.

☞ Dispatches from Pottsville Pa., of Thursday, say that Thomas Sanger, inside boss for J. M. Heaton & Co., at the Raven Run mines Lehigh colliery, was shot dead that morning by five men all strangers, and another man was shot in the bowels. The miners have been dissatisfied with Sanger, and a year ago refused to work under him and suspended. They resumed work again, but since then he has from time to time received coffin notices, and notices to leave or he would be killed.

☞ The Maine Central (Free Baptist) Conference closed its yearly meeting at Lewiston Thursday. The Home Mission Society elected Rev. C. F. Penny President, Rev. Chas. S. Perkins Secretary, and R. Denning Treasurer. The yearly meeting passed a resolve and elected a Committee to arrange for the consolidation of the Western and Central meetings, and looking to a State Convention.

☞ The State election in California, which occurred in California last week, resulted in a triumph for the Democrats, by about 30,000 plurality in the State. Bidwell, the independent candidate for Governor, did not carry a county.

KENNEBEC COUNTY ITEMS. Rufus Knight Marriner, a graduate of Colby University in the class of 1855, and a native of this state, died in San Francisco, August 19th. He was a lawyer. His wife was Miss Louise Lyford of Waterville.——Mr. Thomas B. Seavey, the oldest man in Farmingdale, died, Thursday, aged 92 years and 7 months. He had lived in town for forty years, following the occupation of a farmer. In his younger days he was a civil engineer. He had held several town offices. For ten years he resided on Monhegan Isle, and was keeper of the light there, being also inspector of the Waldoboro' district.——The Maine Jersey Stock Association held a meeting at Winthrop on Saturday, to see about exhibiting some fine specimens of their Jersey stock at the forthcoming State Fair. If they can have a "fair show," the Winthrop breeders will bring forward some thoroughbreds that will do the eyes of stock-raisers good.——The Home Journal says that there are ninety-eight entries for the Oakland Park trot, at Gardiner, the largest number ever entered at any race in Maine. Among the horses entered are Maine Slasher, Messenger Knox, Phil Sheridan, and others which are capable of work. ——The Mail says that a little French boy, 8 years old, son of Mr. Henry Butler, fell out of a boat on the east side of the river, at the head of the fall at Waterville on Wednesday afternoon, and was drowned, no one being with him at the time. His body was recovered Friday afternoon.——The Press learns that John Ayer, Esq., of Waterville, president of the Somerset Railroad, had a slight paralytic shock last week.——John Brown, a well-known merchant in Gardiner for the last thirty years, Saturday night about nine o'clock fell from his chair, in a fit of appolexy, and died in twenty-five minutes.——The Chronicle says that Tuesday evening, G. W. Parkman, station agent at Clinton, found a tramp under the platform and just ready to spring upon him while he was caring for his lamp for the night. Mr. P. chased the tramp and fired a shot after him, which succeeded in ridding him of his presence for that night, at least.——The reform boys of Monmouth, also of Winthrop, met at East Monmouth, Wednesday evening of last week, and had a very interesting meeting. They are to meet again the 2d of September, when a "big turnout" is expected.——The fall term at Monmouth Academy commenced the 30th inst., under the tuition of C. E. Smith. The attendance is greater than was anticipated.——The Home Journal says that Mr. Stephen Church of Farmingdale, who was so badly gored by a bull two weeks ago, and taken up almost dead, is getting better, and there are good prospects of his recovery. He says that the bull tossed him about until the animal himself became perfectly exhausted, and left him in his agony.——The Kennebec Journal says that on Friday last Mr. J. L. Cheeseman and Lorenzo Clay, Esq., of Gardiner, went to Winthrop Pond to spend a few hours in the sport of fishing, Mr. Clay driving out and returning with his young and sprighty colt. They were returning in the evening, and when near the Hallowell granite ledge the horse took fright and plunged over a steep embankment, carrying with him the carriage and its occupants. The horse was instantly killed, both gentlemen were severely bruised and had several flesh wounds, but no bones were broken.

☞ The programme for the approaching Show and Fair of the North Kennebec Agricultural Society at Waterville, is as follows;—

Tuesday, Oct. 5th.—Exhibition of Neat Cattle, Sheep, Swine and Poultry, and drawing of horses and oxen on the Show Ground. Examination by committees will commence at 10 A. M. The exhibition at the Hall to open with a Farmers' Levee, in the evening, as usual, for a pleasant social time.

Wednesday, Oct. 6th.—Examination of Horses and Colts, and Plowing Match on Show Ground, at 10 o'clock. Hall open all day. Examination by Committes at Hall in the forenoon. At 2 o'clock the following purses will be trotted for:—

A purse of $20 to Mares or Geldings four years old—10 to first; 6 to second; 4 to third.

A purse of $15 to Colts—10 to first; 5 to second.

A purse of $35 to stallions owned in the limits of the Society—20 to first—10 to second; 5 to third

Thursday, Oct. 7th.—Examination of Horses at 10 o'clock A. M. Trotting to commence at 2 o'clock P. M. for the following purses:

A purse of $30 to best gentleman's Driving Horse, to go in carriage, including driver to weigh 350 pounds—15 to first; 10 to second; 5 to third.

A purse of $100 to Horses wherever owned, best 3 to 5 in harness—50 to first; 30 to second; 20 to third.

Ten per cent. entrance fee will be required on all the above purses.

The Secretary will be at the office of the "Waterville Mail," in Phenix Block, on Saturday and Monday afternoon previous to the Show, to receive entries.

☞ The Treasurer of St. Mark's Home, gratefully acknowledges the following donations for June, July and August:

June.—Mr. J. W. Bradbury, pk. peas; Mrs. Bradbury, two boxes blueberries, peas, greens; Mrs. D. Williams, two qts. berries, currants; Mrs. J. E. Whittimore, lettuce, milk, currants; Mrs. J. W. North, beans; Mrs. H. A. Dewitt, pk. peas; Mrs. R. D. Rice, smoked salmon; Anon. monthly subscription $5.

July.—Mrs. D. Williams four boxes strawberries, one tongue, milk; Mrs. S. Wendall, nine boquets flowers; Weeks & Hamilton, five lbs. halibut; Mrs. J. W. Bradbury, two boxes strawberries, two cans of peaches; Mrs. Wm. Hartwell, flowers; Anon. monthly subscription $5; Partridge Bros., medicine.

August.—Mrs. H. A. DeWitt, peaches, vegetables; Mrs. Whittemore, tomatoes, milk; Partridge Bros., medicine; Mrs. J. W. North, apples; Mrs. Edward Rowse, blueberries, cake; Mrs. J. W. Bradbury, apples, blueberries, watermelon; Mrs. D. Williams' two boxes blackberries, vegetables; Mrs. Geo. Allen, flowers.

☞ So far as we have been able to get at the facts respecting the affair at Clinton Miss. they are substantially as follows: Some young white rowdies attempted to introduce whiskey into a "radical meeting" at Clinton, a township where liquor it prohibited by law. The colored officers of the meeting forbade their drinking, and tried to get the bottle away from one of them, but was struck over the head with it instead. Then the colored men rallied to the aid of their officers, when the young white disturber of the meeting emptied his revolver into the crowd. The mob of negroes became uncontrollable, and made short and bloody work of the attacking handful of rowdies. But the whites rallied and ended by piling up forty dead bodies of blacks for every white man killed.

☞ Judging from the report of the recent hearing at Canada, people are led to believe that the Granite State has a Lucretia Borgia in the person of Mrs. Mahala Carr of Canada, whom it is alleged poisoned her husband, Charles E. Carr, in November last. Further developments may change the aspect of the case, but it now looks as though the gallows, which in New Hampshire has rested since the execution of the brutal Evans, the Northfield murderer might soon find work to do.

THE TURF. The 2:38 race on the Lewiston Driving Park Thursday afternoon was won by Grey Ned in 2:38, Copperbottom second, Little Fred third, Black Pilot fourth. The Stallion race was won by Maine Slasher in three straight heats. Time, 2:35, 2:32 1-4, 2:34 1-2. The second money was taken by Messenger Knox, third by Young Buchanan and fourth by Sheridan. King William was injured by a collision in scoring and was withdrawn before the first heat. A crowd of 3000 witnessed these exciting races.

☞ Gen. F. E. Spinner, late treasurer of the United States, has been nominated as Comptroller of New York.

For the Maine Farmer.

Centennial at Waterford.

The citizens of Waterford celebrated the 100th anniversary of the settlement of the town on Wednesday, Sept. 1st, at the Center Village, generally known as "The Flat."—The exercises were held under a vast awning erected on the spacious common in the center of the village, opposite the Waterford House. A platform large enough to seat the band, the choir, several press reporters, and about fifty honored notabilities and ladies occupied one side of the covered area at the back of which, on a broad surface of board wall, were displayed in tasteful arrangement, flags, mottoes, evergreen wreaths, festoons of leaves, pictures, &c. Many large American flags floated high over the main street, and the Waterford House and several private residences were tastefully decorated with flags, streamers, &c. The services of the day opened with a grand overture by the Bridgton Brass Band, after which, Alfred S. Kimball, Esq. President, gave a brief and cordial Address of Welcome. The exercises continued as follows: Prayer, by Rev. A. J. Smith, Chaplain of the day; Music, "Home again," by the choir, under the direction of Luther S. Houghton, Miss Clara Douglass, Organist. Then came the Historical Address by Henry P. Warren, A. B., son of Rev. Dr. William Warren, of Gorham.

The orator sketched very vividly the peculiar incidents of the life of the early settlers, and traced the history of the town to the present time. Waterford was settled in 1775 by David McWain of Bolton, Mass. He came by way of Sebago lake, accompanied only by his trusty dog. There were some Indians here then, and McWain led a life for some time nearly as rude as theirs, sometimes being obliged to subsist on muskrat soup. His farm near Crooked River, in 1803, contained 800 acres, and in the same year he raised 3300 lbs of pork. He was a bachelor, and lived thirty years without a housekeeper. It is said that growing weary of this solitary mode of existence, or desiring some nearer relation to his fellow-beings than he had, he asked a certain unmarried woman if she would become his housekeeper: she consented.—"How," asked McWain, "as mistress, or maid?" "As maid," she replied. She came, and served him many years faithfully, but David never afterwards gave her an opportunity to change her answer. He had a true pioneer's horror of being crowded. One morning, he noticed a little stream of smoke rising from the midst of the forest in Paris, twelve miles away. "I should like to know," exclaimed David, "who has come now and settled down *right under my nose.*" He was an honest man, of courteous manners, but reticent in demeanor towards others. Other traditionary reminiscences showed the pioneer to have been a remarkable person by nature and character. The first boy born in town was Ephraim Hapgood, to whom the proprietors gave 50 acres of land. The first white woman in town was Philip Horr's wife. The first sawmill was built in 1785 at the "City," South Waterford. The first frame house was near Stanwood's bucket factory, same place. Religious meetings were held, and there was preaching during the first years by Father Hidden of Tamworth, N. H. and by Reverends Sewall, Marrett, Ripley and Fessenden of Fryeburg. The town was incorporated March 7, 1797; first town meeting held June 7, 1797. The first public house was built in 1797 by Eli Longley. In 1798 Rev. Mr. Ripley became the first settled minister. In 1800 the first post-office was established. The orator described the trials and sufferings of the settlers during the war of 1812, consequent on the embargo. Waterford was strongly Federal in politics; Jonathan Houghton cast the first Democratic vote. Rev. Mr. Ripley remained until 1821, when he was succeeded by Rev. John A. Douglass, who still holds his pastorate at the age of 83. (For three years past Rev. A. J. Smith has been settled as assistant pastor.) At the first town meeting the following appropriations were voted: for preaching, $100; for schools, $100; for town charges, $100; for roads, $500. Ebe Rice was the first town clerk; he was a justice of the peace and the legal adviser of the town for thirty years. Eli Longley was the first town treasurer. Major Hannibal Hamlin was the first deputy sheriff living in Waterford—afterwards high sheriff of the county. The speaker described the original location of the town lines, the ancient roads, and many other things now superseded or obliterated. His frequent allusion to the personal characteristics of the pioneers, the partisan or sectional feuds of the fathers, and the primitive customs and costumes, very happily pointed his able and instructive address.

At the close, after music by the band, the divine blessing was invoked by Rev. David Garland of Bethel, when the audience, by invitation of the president, repaired to the tables in the spacious yard and in the field, rear of Mr. A. S. Kimball's residence. The tables were shaded by trees and awnings and were arranged to accommodate 1800 guests at each sitting. It is estimated that 3000 persons dined, and there was sufficient food, apparently, for twice that numbsr. The most complete order prevailed during this difficult part of the performances, and the admirable manner of serving the vast multitude evinced a complete and masterly organization of forces.

At the conclusion of dinner, and after about one thousand people had become seated under the pavilion in front of the stage a terrible accident, proving well nigh fatal in its character, caused by a frightened horse dashing among the audience, the particulars of which are given elsewhere, caused an interruption and suspension of the exercises. Order having been restored, the regular exercises proceeded. The president offered as the first sentiment, "The fathers and mothers of Waterford." Responded to by Rev. Dr. Warren, who paid a brief tribute to the ancient families of the town—the Greens, Plummers, Stones, Browns, Hales, Houghtons, Horrs, Kilgores, Longleys, Farrars, Hamlins and Rices. 2. "Our children by birth, now residents of other states and countries." Responded to by Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D. D., President of Robert College, Constantinople, Turkey. He said he had crossed the continent of Europe seven times; had beheld the most glorious scenery of Italy, Switzerland, France, England and Ireland, but had never seen any country possessing greater charms for him than *Old Waterford.* He gave an interesting account of the progress of the Christian mission in Turkey, and a brief description of the great American college, founded on the banks of the Bosphorus. 3. "Our clergy." Responded to by Rev. D. P. Perry of the M. E. Church, South Waterford. In connection with this topic, Dr. Warren announced the following names of clergymen, natives of Waterford, of whom six had been Doctors of Divinity: Josiah Shaw, Stephen, Aaron and Moses Sanderson, John Shaw, Cyrus Hamlin, Lyman Jewett, Mighill Jewett, William Warren, Amander Barker, Isaac Knight, Samuel H. Haskins, Nathaniel Pride, Jonathan Fairbanks, Wm. Brown, Ezekiel Coffin. He also made honorable mention of Profs. Geo. M. Gage C. C. Rounds, who had been successively Principals of the State Normal School at Farmington; also of Chas. F. Brown, (Artemas Ward). 4. "The medical profession." Responded to by Dr. Thomas H. Gage, of Worcester, Mass., in a fine original poem. 5. "The legal fraternity," Response by Albert Barker, Esq., of Colebrook, N. H. 6. "The American flag." Rev. David Garland of Bethel responded to this toast, and found a congenial theme for his enthusiastic genius. 7. "The professional farmer." Response by Dr. N. T. True of Bethel. The Doctor was "at home" and highly praised the farms and farmers of Waterford. A letter of sympathy and appreciation was read from Rev. Thomas T. Stone of Bolton, Mass. after which a few remarks were made by Rev. Father Douglass. 8. "Our centennial." Response by Dr. Hamlin. 9. "Our next centennial—may we all spend it in Heaven." This received a beautiful poetic response by Mr. H. P. Warren. Capt. Thomas Swan, by request, related some amusing reminiscences of the fathers. Interesting general remarks were made by Dea. Samuel Warren, Dr. John A. Douglass, of Amesbury Mass., James M. Shaw, Esq. and Dr. Oren Horr, Esq. of Lewiston. A vote of thanks was extended to the President and Committee of Arrangements, and the exercises closed by singing the doxology, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'

The fine weather, brilliant addresses, excellent vocal and instrumental music, the dinner, too delicious to be the subject of particular description, and above all, the spirit of unbounded hospitality, lent a keen zest to the enjoyment of all the exercises of the occasion. The festivities of the day were concluded by a grand Centennial ball at Village Hall, with music by Raymond's Quadrille Band of Portland, and another large ball at the Pine Grove House, with Abbott's superb Norway Quadrille Band. The pavilion and grounds were brilliantly illuminated, and the large number of guests celebrated the event with all the enthusiasm which might have animated the gay gentlemen and ladies of "a hundred years ago." G. F. *Harrison.*

SUICIDE OF GEN. KIMBALL. The citizens of Paris Hill were thrown into a state of excitement and sorrow on Thursday of last week, by the report that Gen. W. K. Kimball had been found dead in his bed. The evening previous he had arrived home in good health, and this sudden death, clouded in mystery as it was by an endeavor to keep the matter secret, gave rise to rumors which filled the people of the neighborhood with horror. At last it became known that General Kimball had committed suicide by shooting himself with a revolver.

A coronor's inquest was held over the remains, and the following facts elicited: Gen. Kimball was seen at about nine o'clock Thursday morning by his daughter. A little before noon, his son James, passing through his room, saw his father upon the the bed, and supposed him asleep. On being called to dinner, he did not respond, and shortly after, James went up stairs to awaken him. On approaching the chamber, he was startled by hearing labored breathing. He quickly opened the door and saw his father lying unconscious and trembling, with a small revolver in his hand. Taking the revolver from him, he rushed down stairs, and informed the family what had occurred. Medical aid was at once called in, but all to no purpose. The following letter was found on a table at the head of his bed, written in pencil. The letter was dated Paris, Sept. 2, 1875, and read as follows:

"*Horatio Austin, esq., Coronor:*

There need be no *inquest.* I have nothing to induce me to stay longer here. I can be of no service to my family or myself. I am *sorrow-stricken, heart-broken,* and have *volunteered* to "cross over the river" and join the great army gone to the front, instead of waiting to be drafted by the "grim messenger." God forgive me for the sin, *if it be a sin.*

WM. K. KIMBALL."

The jury brought in a verdict in accordance with the above facts. It is evident that despondency, occasioned by financial embarrassment and political disappointment, led to the fatal result. Gen. Kimball had been recently appointed Inspector of Customs at Eastport. From an examination of his papers since his death, it appears that his appointment had been revoked, and this, together with financial embarrassments, are the only causes that can be assigned for this sad act.

Gen. Kimball was born in Rumford, Me., June 12, 1820. He was the son of Moses F. Kimball, esq. and Mary (Bean), his wife.—His paternal grandparents were Asa Kimball, jr. and Phebe Foster, who were early settlers in Bethel. On the maternal side, his grandparents were Josiah Bean and Molly Crocker, formerly of Standish, but who also came early to Bethel.

Gen. Kimball was one of a trio of young men, the others being Judge W. W. Virgin, now of the Supreme Bench of Maine, and Col. John M. Adams, of the Eastern Argus, who were raised in the same neighborhood, were of about the same age, and in early manhood left Rumford and attended School at Bridgton Academy. After completing his academical studies, Gen. Kimball studied law, and having married Frances Freeland, daughter of Capt. Samuel and Polly (Freeland) Rawson of Paris, he settled in the practice of his profession at Paris Hill. He was kind and courteous in manners and had the happy faculty of making all who came in contact with him feel at their ease. He has often been honored with public office. He was elected Representative to the Legislature, County Attorney, Clerk of Courts, and was appointed U. S. Marshal for Maine under President Buchanan. At the beginning of the war he enlisted, and was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel in the 12th Maine regiment. After returning from the army, he was re-elected Clerk of Courts for Oxford County, which position he held for eight years. Last winter he was appointed a member of the Commission to revise the State Constitution. He was elected Secretary of the Commission, and by his careful and methodical business habits and good judgment, aided very materially in the work of that body.

He leaves two brothers, Charles A. and Asa Kimball of Rumford, and two sisters, the wives of Maj. G. A. Hastings and of Alvan Godwin, both of Bethel. He has three sons, we believe, one in the U. S. navy.—One of his daughters, who was the wife of H. M. Bourne of Norway, died last spring, and another is the wife of J. F. Holland of Houlton. His late place of residence, where his family now lives, was the old Rawson mansion, one of the finest private residences in Paris. We gave a brief account of the death of Mrs. Kimball's mother in the last issue of the Farmer.

☞ There is great excitement in Montreal over the question as to whether a man shall be buried in the Catholic Cemetery who was excommunicated by the Catholic Bishop of Montreal.

The facts of the case are these: One Guibord, a Catholic, was eight years since, a leader of the French Canadian Institute—an organization which for some cause incurred the enmity of the Catholic Bishop of Montreal. The Bishop excommunicated Guibord, and when he died six years since, forbid the interment of his remains in the consecrated ground of the Catholic Cemetery, where the remains of his wife rested. Temporarily Guibord's body was deposited in the Protestant Cemetery; and in the meantime his friends appealed to the courts for an order authorizing the interment of the remains in a lot owned by the deceased in the Catholic Cemetery.

After six year's contest in the courts, Guibord's relatives have triumphed, and the order of court has issued. The grave of Guibord's wife was opened a few days since for the reception of the husband's remains, but a fierce mob of French Canadians prevented the burial by force. It is understood that another attempt will be made under the protection of troops.

☞ The autumn session of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars of Maine, will be held at Belfast, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 5 and 6, 1875. Half fare to members of the order, on the steamboats and principal railroads in the State. A large meeting is expected.

☞ The appointment of Hon. E. B. Smith to the position of Assistant United States Attorney General, leaves the office

The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.

The Markets.

Brighton Cattle Market.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 8.

At market for the current week—Cattle 3065; Sheep and Lambs 11,331; Swine 6,000. Number of Western Cattle 2500. Northern Cattle and Working Oxen and Milch Cows, 450. Eastern Cattle 115.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices per 100 lbs. live weight, extra quality $7 50@7 75; first quality $7 25@7 00; second quality $6 25@6 75; third quality $5 25@6 12½; poorest grade of coarse Oxen, Bulls, &c., $5 50@6 00.

HIGHTON HIDES—7½c ₩ lb.; Brighton Tallow 6c ₩ lb.

COUNTRY HIDES—7@7c ₩ lb.; Country Tallow 5@5½c ₩ lb.

CALF SKINS—15@14c ₩ lb. Sheep Skins 75@1 00c each. Lamb Skins 25@1 00c each.

The supply of Cattle from the West this week was full as good as that of one week ago. The trade did not open so actively, and prices upon all grades have fallen off fully ½c per lb from our last quotations. There were but few lots of Cattle sold as high as 7¾ per lb. The trade for the poorer grades and Texas Cattle has been hard. From Maine there was a good supply of Working Oxen, for which the demand has been moderate.

WORKING OXEN.—The supply in market for the week was larger than that of several weeks past. We quote sales of 2 pr, girth 6 ft 3 in, @120 00; 1 pr, 6 ft 2 in, @125; 1 pr, 6 ft, 6 in, @125; 1 prs, 6 ft 6 in, @135; 1 pr, 6 ft 10 in, @164; 1 pr, 6 ft 10 in, @165; 1 pr, 6 ft 8 in, @160; 1 pr, 6 ft 8 in, @150; 1 pr, 7ft 2 in, @175; 1 pr, 6 ft 1 in, @120.

STORE CATTLE—Yearlings @11@15; two year olds @18@25; three year olds @25@45. Prices for small cattle depend much on their value for beef.

MILCH COWS.—Extra @55@65; ordinary @25@50. Most of the Cows offered in market for sale are of a common grade. Good Cows sell well at fair prices.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—From the West there was a fair supply, all owned by butchers, costing at Brighton 6@6½c per lb. From the North supply was larger than that of one week ago. Prices ranging from 6@6½ per lb.

SWINE—Store Pigs, wholesale 10@10c per ₩; retail, 10@12c. Fat Hogs, 5700in market; prices 8@8c per lb. Spring Pigs 14@16 per pound.

Wool Market.

BOSTON, Sept. 8.

The demand for wool has been fair for nearly all kinds except fine fleeces. The latter can only be sold at low and unsatisfactory prices, and manufacturers are not inclined to stock up even at these figures. The sales have been 175,000 ℔s unwashed and unmerchantable fleeces at 30@40c; 150,000 ℔s combing and delaine at 48@60c for washed, and 40@45c for unwashed; 90,000 ℔s Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces at 41@50c; mostly medium grades at 46@50c; 75,000 ℔s Michigan and other fleeces at 40@45c; 400,000 ℔s spring California at 21@35c; 65,000 ℔s fall do on private terms; 30,000 ℔s Canada pulled at 42@45c; 50,000 ℔s can be secured at 50@52½c; 5000 ℔s tub washed at 53@55c; 25,000 lbs noils at 42½@60c; 50,000 lbs super and X pulled at 35@50c; and 3000 lbs sundries on private terms.

Boston Market.

BOSTON, Sept. 8.

FLOUR AND GRAIN—The demand for Flour is dull with a limited demand for all kinds; we quote: Western Superfine at $5 75@5 25; common extras at $6 00@6 50; Milwaukie and Minnesota extras at $6 50@7 50; white wheat Ohio, Indiana and Michigan at $7 00@8 00; Illinois at $7 00@8 50; St. Louis at $7 25

The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.

Poetry.

President Lincoln's Favorite Poem.

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a breat of the wave,
He passeth from life to rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid—
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The child that a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband, that mother and infant who blest—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid, on whose cheek, on whose brow, on whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king, that the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest, that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats to the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass we have tread.

The saint, who enjoyed the communion of heaven;
The sinner, who dared to remain unforgiven;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed,
That wither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we beheld,
To repeat a story of that hath often been told.

For we are the same things our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and feel the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking from, they too would shrink;
To the life we are clinging to, they too would cling,
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but their story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed, but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay, they died; we, things that are now,
Who walked on the turf that lies over their brow;
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the change they must meet on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondence, and pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the knell
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud;
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Our Story Teller.

ONE OF THEM.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

When Mrs. March left this earthly scene she speedily underwent that canonization here which we trust she experienced above. Everybody remembered her loveliness and her martyrdom; nobody—but Mr. March—remembered an irritable, selfish body, little more than a baby when she married, and a baby ever since. Nobody, however, pretended to have met such a loss as Maria, a girl of fifteen, who, having been the slave of her mother's whims, was bewildered by her idle hours. The child had been fond of her pretty, helpless mother, and she sat crying in her room, or wandered about slipshodly and ordered away the children who were in mischief from the time they were out of bed till they were in again.

Mr. March's home life had always been an outrage on decency. Now breakfast with three half-washed children, without Maria's society; dinner varied only by ragged tires and bruised faces and Maria's appearance as an ornamental grave-stone lonesome evenings, with Maria as a neighbor's form, a dish of flattery as the modest daughter of a saintly mother—this was subject for thought. And Maria had no right to be surprised when Mr. March told her that he was about to bring into the house a second wife, who would be a kind mother to his children.

Miss Maria went out of the door with a bang, and was found in hysterics on the bed. But Mr. March giving the servants the same intelligence, kissed the children, and was off to the house of Miss Bell, which had made him tremble, remembering the domain where Maria was mistress.

Miss Melicent Bell was a sweet-faced woman, not yet forty, and so winsome as to attract those tired of beauty, her expression of good-will, patience, and purpose having grown with practice of her virtues. Mr March thought if a limner would sketch an angel, there was the face for him to study. She was walking in the garden when he went down the path. It was hardly changed since he strode up it twenty years ago, snapping off the poppies with his stick, and slamming the gate behind him. The box had grown some inches—it reached Miss Melicent's shoulder now—but it gave the same spiced odor as the wind stirred it, as that robin rustled from point to point along it; and Miss Melicent had changed only as the box had—to sweeter growth. When she turned, with her gentle Sunday meditations—she was thinking of that verse, "Thou wilt show me the path of life: in Thy presence is fullness of joy: at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore" and seeing Mr. March, she put out her hands with a start, as if to ward off a ghost. But her hands were taken with such a pressure as only flesh and blood gives, and it was Melicent who looked most like a ghost, as, with white lips whispering his name, she would have fallen if he had not foreshortened matters by putting an arm about her. Poor Miss Melicent! Twenty years since that lovers' quarrel had left her alone in her garden—years in which hope had died, and love, if it had not withered, had been pressed away like a sacred flower that has lain in the hands of the beloved dead. Poor Mr. March! Twenty years, in which he had learned that "as a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion."

But Melicent was herself again directly. It was only the apparition of her youth, in Mr. March that had startled her. In that evening light he was young as ever. But Mr. March waited for no comparisons between now and then; he plunged into his errand; he said he had regretted to the core of his heart his head-strong temper, his subsequent infatuation. He did not utter another syllable about his wife; he only told the story of his home and neglected children. She was silent, and her head fell. Then she replied that he must know any thing like that old girlish love was impossible to her now; but her interest had always lived, and her affection—her affection—And then Melicent's tears obscured her voice, and she murmured chokingly something about those motherless children: and the next thing was that Mr. March had her in his arms, and they had forgotten all about the lapse of twenty years.

Perhaps it had been wiser had they told Maria the story of their youth and their old love. But if they had done so, probably she would have regarded it as an even greater indignity to her mother than the existence of a second wife; and it was judged best to say nothing, silence being the part both of native dignity and natural precaution.

But the new Mrs. March had not stepped inside her home and received the stiff touch of Miss Maria's hand before she saw the blow in her way. She did not blame the young girl; she rather liked her chivalous constancy. She drew her to herself and kissed her: and Maria, resenting it as intrusive impertinence, ran down to Mrs. Lee's to complain of it.

"She's a designing hypocrite," said Mrs. Lee, "queening it there, and your mother, that sainted soul, not cold in her grave!"—As her mother had departed two years before, this ultimatum hardly sounded like the proper fate of a sainted soul. "Don't you," said Mrs. Lee, "let that woman get the upper hand of you with kissing and palavering." And there followed a conversation on the bride's toilette, from which one could gather no other conclusion than that the second Mrs. March's plain duty was to wear mourning for the first Mrs. March.

Maria meant to make it her own duty not only to wear mourning, but to obtrude it.—She had changed her linen tuckers for crape on the announcement of the marriage; she sat up by night to put a deeper crape fold on her gown; and going about as solemn as though looking into the tomb, she lost no chance of airing her handkerchief, recently purchased, with a black border twice as deep as those she used when her mourning began. "I have lost my father too," said Miss Maria, with sweet sensibility.—But that was mere bagatelle beside her general conduct. She had led the younger children into full belief in the enormity of their father's act and the atrocious qualities of his wife, and there was little insolence of which she was not guilty. The morning after Mrs. March's entrance on her duties, descending to breakfast, she found Maria pouring tea. "Maria, that is your mother's place," said March.

"It used to be, Sir," she said, with indignant solemnity.

"No, indeed," chimed in Mrs. March, silverly. "I have poured the tea so many years that, if Maria is willing to relieve me, I shall be glad." And at that Maria flounced out of the seat.

Nor had Mrs. March been in the house a week before she found that tearful sympathy for the motherless children was an act of grace on her part, for they were enough to exasperate the recording angel. Abominable in behavior, insulting in language, they utterly perplexed the mother. But the verse in the thought on the evening her old lover came back to her, "Thou wilt shew me the path of life," sounded like a promise still, and she trusted. One at a time she coaxed the children into her room, and talked to them so sweetly and seriously that, surprised and abashed, they were half converted, till Miss Maria undid the work.—When, then, kindness had failed, and Mrs. March felt that the welfare of these children depended on the integrity of her authority, yet felt unwilling to vex her husband in the least, she was forced to resort to punishment—to oblige little Julia—who, at eleven, knew enough to know better, and who, being frank and affectionate, would have done very well alone, but, stimulated by Maria's influence, one day made a succession of mouths at her mother, and snapped her fingers in her face—to sit beside her all the afternoon, and to sew the seam of a sheet. She really tried to make it entertaining for the little thing, having no desire to grieve her, but merely to make necessary authority felt; and the child, beginning in rebellion, found, before she was dismissed, that she had enjoyed herself vastly, and being ingenuous, came back pleasantly and put her arm around Mrs. March's neck and said, "I'm real sorry I was so bad. I don't ever mean to believe a word Maria says again.—I think you're very nice indeed, and I mean to love you—and I do!" But when Maria went down to Mrs. Lee's that night, she had a fine story of the step-mother's brutality in robbing little Julia of her holiday, and forcing her to do her sewing all the afternoon. And Mrs. Lee held up her hands and said if she were Maria she would resist the woman tooth and nail.

Maria had presently the chance to act upon Mrs. Lee's advice. For Tom March, having used the advantage of his eight rough summers to roll little Charlie on the floor, and after a thorough drubbing having nearly bitten off a piece of his ear, Mrs. March—first trying to comfort Charlie, who scorned her sympathy and styled her a blamed fool—proceeded to administer the same punishment to Tom that had succeeded with Julia, meaning, not to put needle and thread into his hand, but to show him some drawings of cruel people and tell him their hapless stories, and possibly to win some mutual interest. Of course Tom refused obedience when she directed him up stairs, and of course when she felt herself obliged to lay her hand on his shoulder and lead him along she stoutly resisted: and unfortunately Miss Maria was in the room to throw herself between the two with shrill voice and flashing eyes, calling out that Mrs. March was a worthless interloper. By the mercy of Providence there was a door open just beside them; Mrs. March was not a strong woman, but she was a quick one; before Miss Maria knew what had happened, she had been clapped into that closet and the door locked upon her, and there she was ignominiously left, shrieking like a maniac, while Mrs. March led the astonished Thomas to her own retreat. She directed the release of Miss Maria at once, though, and then fastened herself in her room, with her rebel, but with no good result, as in her previous experience; for, unused to such scenes, and the rough horror of a hand-to-hand broil wounding all her susceptibilities, she gave way to a hearty cry, which evidence of her weakness put from March on his pins again.

The servants, meanwhile, did not hasten to let Miss Maria out of durance; but when at last the door swung open, the wind could have given her no swifter wings to fly to Mrs. Lee's, and burst in, red, weeping, discomposed, to make the awful revelation of the manner in which her step-mother had locked her, a grown woman, into a closet. And Mrs. Lee, responsive, told the child there was always room for her in her house—meaning all the same to ask Mr. March a round sum for her board.

But Mrs. March had ample satisfaction in her husband's love and veneration, in his happiness, and the comparitive order and comfort to which she had reduced his home. She had made the house beautiful. The table shone with her wedding silver; the dishes were faultlessly served; the children, bright and clean, received smiling encouragement to join the cheerful talk; and if after they were in bed Maria chose to sulk in her room, she lost a great deal of pleasure.

Still Mrs. March's gentle heart was sorry over Maria. She would have been glad to win the girl, glad to provide pleasure for her. She understood her emotions, and seldom had any but tender feelings toward her. It hurt her as sorely to think of the noble traits of the boys she was unlikely to be able to train to noble ends.

Occasion, coming to every body, came at last to Mrs. March, when every child of the house was smitten with the dreadful epidemic of that time raging in the vicinity. Maria, frightened out of her senses, betook herself to Mrs. Lee's. But Mrs. March though miserable herself, dreamed of no fear. She had the children moved into connecting rooms, and although there was a professional nurse with them, vibrated between those rooms as we think only mothers can. Not a night did she sleep till the crisis was over; and in their convalescence it seemed to the children that it was only an angel moving about in her long white robe, smiling their foreheads, singing them to sleep, bringing them tempting messes, telling them entrancing stories, winning their hearts at last completely. On the whole though tired out in effort, Mrs. March did not know that in all her life she had had a happier time than during that month of convalescence. And then Maria came home.

"Mamma and I have a secret that she says I may tell you, Maria," cried Julia, after the greeting.

"An open secret," Maria, insolently, "that all the world knows."

"Do all the world, mamma?" cries Julia.

"Mamma!" says Maria, with a sneer.

"Only a small fraction of it, dear," answers Mrs. March. "I have told no one but you."

"Yes, Miss Maria March," cries Julia "mamma! and the dearest, sweetest, best mamma, who took care of me when she could hardly take care of herself, and when you ran away!"

"Oh, no, no, Julia," exclaims her mother.

"Don't say so. Think that if Maria had staid and taken the illness, it would have occasioned us so much trouble that it was a kindness in her to go."

"Oh my!" said little Julia, laughing. "Well, I don't care. Look here, Maria—whisper. Mamma says I may name it. She told me when I was getting better, so that I might have something plesant to think about."

"Pleasant!"

"Oh yes, so very!" And we have had such beautiful talks about how it will look, and what we will do with it. And I am going to wheel it out in Charlie's old carriage—and—and—See here, Maria;"—and she drew from under the sofa pillow an absurd little sock she was knitting, and contemplated it as if it were Penelope's web.

"You must have been mighty sick!" cried Maria. "And as for your mamma, as you call her, you wicked little girl, it is shameful in her to talk so to a child like you!"

Mrs. March took her work and left the room quietly; and then Miss Maria, feeling the welcome of this little new comer was the last outrage, broke into a flood of angry crying, and sobbed herself into hysterics, with Julia exclaiming at intervals, "Oh, I'll tell my father of you! You see if don't Maria March!"

Miss Maria presently knew just how sick Julia had been. For it was not a week before the contagion, from which she had run when it was at home, assailed her in some of her out-door jaunts, and she went down as suddenly as the rest. Her first act was to send for Mrs. Lee, who sent regrets that duty to her own family made it impossible for her to come. Her next was to send for her father and demand a nurse. He assured her that the nurse still in the house should remain.

"A creature of Mrs. March's," murmured the sick girl.

"The sick ess is so general that there is not another to be had. Your mother and I will be with you—"

"Don't let her! don't let her!" moaned Maria.

"I am glad to see such consideration on your part, my dear," said her father. "But I am afraid she will insist."

She did insist. When both the doctor and her husband urged Mrs. March to keep away from the sick-room, she replied that it was impossible. "It is the only chance I have to win her love," she exclaimed, with tears. "Heaven sends it—you must not prevent my using it." And the others, fearing too much opposition, let her have her way.

It was a hard way, with nothing but thorns for the treading. With all Maria's behavior, Mrs. March had never realized till the girl's delirium how violent had been her execration of herself. It was a sad strain upon the poor lady's nerves, to hear this torture of reviling, without the suffering that sympathy with sickness gives in itself, or the unconscious efforts made by her hourly acts of forgiveness. But though fierce, the fever had a short run; the fatigue of unceasing attendance was great, but the delirium was over. Mrs. March trusted that the last act of that illness was delirium and not nature. Left alone with the patient, and obliged to do something that was resisted, she held the aching head on her shoulder, saying, though knowing that she said it, "Dear child, why wont you let me love you?" and the next moment received a slap in the face.

If it was a delirium, Maria had afterward an uncommonly clear recollection of her wanderings. It was not a strong blow, of course; but in the amazement and recoil, Mrs. March staggered back and fell against the corner of the table that held the lamp; and, table, lamp and bottles had gone over, and a tongue of fire was licking up the canopy.

Mrs. March never knew how she got the sick girl out of that bed or upon the lounge, or how she tore the burning hangings down and trampled out the fire on the empty hearth. She only remembered of having thought that even if Maria died of the exposure, she would rather be supposed guilty herself of carelessness than let the girl's father know of the vicious act. And Maria, whether stunned or overcome, sank into a long slumber, from which, when she awoke, she was out of danger.

"I owe you my life, doctor," said Maria, feebly, some days after.

"No, indeed, child," he replied. "You owe it to your mother. I should never have pulled you through but for her care. You owe it to her, too, that you were not burned in your bed."

"Oh, doctor! Did she tell you, then—"

"Tell me what?"

"That I—I," whispered Maria, hoarsely—"I slapped her then?"

"You did?"

"It seems to me I did," said Maria, who knew perfectly well that she did.

"No," said the doctor. "She has kept that secret."

"Miss Maria," said the nurse, as the doctor left, "I saw it all. And it is a miracle that the shock did not kill Mrs. March. You should thank Heaven not only that all is well with you, but with her!" The doctor came back and found the tears trickling through the girl's fingers.

"It was too harsh medicine, nurse," said he. "But we will do the best we may with it. I have known you too long, my dear, to disregard the happiness I see you throwing away."

"Oh, doctor," cried Maria, "I think the fever has burned all the venom out of me!" And she burst into her old hysterical sobs. But the doctor soothed her, and did not leave till sure the nurse had not misjudged her strength, and that the truth would be a tonic.

As Maria lay there, thinking it all over, the enormity of her conduct and its possibilities made her blood run cold. If her stepmother had died in consequence of that shock, she did not see how she could live herself. She wondered if the doctor was right in thinking all danger of accident past. She amazed at the love she cared enough to fear it, and then she recalled days and nights of pity and sympathy, and felt all at once that her step-mother was superhuman in her goodness. What if trouble should come! what if this late happiness of her father's should be robbed from him, and by her! what if this gentle life, with the beauty of it that she now saw too late, should go out! She was fast working herself into another fever. She sent for Julia. "I want you to sit still," she said, "and tell me all mamma said to you about—about your secret, you know." And as Julia prattled on, the secret became of vital interest. "Oh, how blind, how blind and wicked I have been," she cried. "How happy the little thing will make us! how we will love it together!" And Maria felt as though her own life and death hung upon the fate of that little unborn child.

When Mrs. March came into the room, having been compelled to keep her own counsel, Maria took her hand, and she laid on her forehead, and pulled her gently down. "How are you ever going to forgive me, mamma?" she murmured.

The tears burst out of Mrs. March's eyes. "Call me Melicent, dear," she cried. "Oh, I am so happy!" she said to her husband that night. "All the children love me—and it seems now as though I had more than my share!" And at her prayers there was a sort of ecstasy in the way she repeated the verse, "Thou wilt show me the path of life: in Thy presence is fullness of joy: at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

It was some weeks after that Maria, having sent the children out to play, stood grave and solemn by the parlor window, feeling as though the universe itself must hold its breath, when she was summoned by the doctor. "She is is sinking," he said, "very fast. No—no hope, no help. She was never strong. Be quiet, dear child; nobody is to blame." Maria did not hear him. She was living up the staircase, and falling beside Mrs. March's bed. "Oh, it is my fault. I have done it! I!" she sobbed.

"Hush, darling," whispered Melicent. "I have been so happy that I am almost content. Dear," she breathed, "take my place. Make him"—and her eyes wandered to her husband, who sat utterly overwhelmed—"happy too. I have shown you how. You mustn't mind his grieving for me just at first; no—he was mine, Maria, more than twenty years ago. And, dear," she began again presently, "I am going to give you my little daughter for your own. You must be to her what she would have been so glad to be to you. Will you take her?" And she laid Maria's hand on the little velvet cheek. "Will you love her?"

"Oh," whispered Maria, aching like a murderer, "if I have killed the mother, I will die for her!" And she gathered the little creature in her arms, and hid her ashen face upon it. There was a long, long silence in the room. Then Mrs. March turned her sweet dim eyes once more upon her husband. And when at last he lifted his face from hers, the gentle soul of this step-mother had passed away.

It Was a Bee.

Any one passing along Howard street just before noon, yesterday, would have seen him living under one of the shade trees in his yard, a pillow under his head, his feet on a bench, and a magazine in his hands. He looked the picture of comfort and contentment, and the women who were going along with pull-back dresses on sighed and wished they were men.

The great City Hall bell struck the hour of noon. The deep-toned echoes floated out on the still summer air and touched a tender chord in the Howard street man's heart. The echoes sounded to him like funeral whispers, like the whispers of the night wind sighing through the grand old wilderness.

"Oh! solemn bell!" he said. "Oh! sad solemn——!,,

That was all he said about the bell. A bumble bee settled down on him to look for sugar, and as he turned partly over he gave the bee a rub. It is a bad thing to rub any kind of a bee. He feels insulted and gets annoyed at things which a mud turtle or a clove would pass by without a thought. The echoes of the bell were just dying away when the Howard street man got up. He got up like a man in a hurry. He went away from there. He didn't meander—he went like a rocket. Something seemed to ail him. He made a line for the house went up the steps at a bound, and, as his wife asked him the cause of his hast, he replied:

"Thunder—oop! hoop!"

"Is this house on fire?" she asked, as he tore around the parlor and upset things.

"House be—oop! Lordy!" he answered, as he made a circle of the room and dashed into the hall.

The dog rushed after him, the wife rushed after the dog, and the man bounded out of the house.

"Are you crazy, Robert?" shrieked the wife as she beheld him pounding his leg with his new silk hat.

Two or three boys ran from the street, a strange dog came in and got up a fight, and all things conspired to make a lively time.

"He's got the colic!" yelled one of the boys.

"Or the tremers!" shouted another.

"See that bat!" called a third.

"Boys, go out of here!" whispered the panting man as he stopped using his hat.

They went out, and as they went out, and as he limped into the house, his tearful wife asked:

Now, then will you tell me what has happened?"

"No, I won't!" he shouted, and he didn't.

She fell into hysterics at the thought that he had used his brain too much, and suddenly became crazed, and he went down to the drug store and applied arnica to the spot, and informed the drug clerk that eleven thousand of the largest kind of bumble bees settled right down on him in a body.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Couldn't Resist the Odds.

A son of the Faderland went into Barney Galligan's saloon the other day and called for a drink. Barney shook his head, saying: "No, you are drunk now."

"I bade you not."

"Well, I'll bet you fifty dollars to one that you are drunk," said Barney, while quite a number gathered around to see the fun.

"Good enough, I bade you," said he, pulling out fractional currency enough to make up a dollar. "Now, who will you leave it mid?"

"I'll leave it to you. Are you not drunk?"

"Yes, by jingoes, I am," said he mournfully, "take der dollar."

A friend of his happened to be in the crowd, and upbraided him for deciding against himself.

"But it was the drudth."

"Well, supposing it was; what did you want to be fool enough to bet for, then?"

"I couldn't help it, der odds was so gread," he replied, turning away more in sorrow than in anger.—*Bethlehem (R. I. Times.*

Captured by Telegraph.

During the winter of 1869, I was employed as night operator in the railroad office at D——, Iowa. The principal road between Chicago and Omaha runs through D——, and the great number of irregular night trains, and constant danger of collision resulting therefrom, rendered the position of night operator by no means an easy one. It may be well to mention here as necessary to the following story—that, besides the railroad office, there was also at D—— a business office, of the Union Company. This we always spoke of as the "down-town" office.

One stormy night, not far from eleven o'clock, I sat at my desk—and, for a wonder, idle. The wires had not called for some time, and I was leaning back in my chair, listening to the wind outside, and reflecting upon the loneliness of my situation. The eastern train had crossed the river more than an hour ago; all the depot officials had gone off home, and so far as I knew I was entirely alone in the vast building.

Finally, tired of thinking, I picked up the evening paper and glanced listlessly over its columns. Among other things I read the detailed account of a fearful tragedy that had taken place fifty miles up the river, on the previous night. Three raftsmen, well-known as desperate characters in that vicinity, had entered the cottage of one Mathews, a farmer, living in an isolated spot—had butchered the farmer and his children, terribly maltreated his wife, and then departed as they came, having taken with them whatever plunder was handy.—What interested me most was a full description, for purposes of identification, of the chief of the villainous trio, Tim Lynch. Here it is:

$500 Reward will be paid for information leading to the capture, dead or alive, of Tim Lynch, the ringleader of the Mathews tragedy. Lynch is a remarkably large man, six feet four inches in height, very heavy, and broad across the shoulders. Eyes greenish-grey, with a deep scar over the right one. Hair wiry, black, and beard of the same color. When last seen he was dressed in black Kossuth hat, faded sack overcoat, pants of grey jean, and heavy boots. The above reward will be paid to any one furnishing positive information of his whereabouts.

(Signed) Sheriff of——County.

At the very instant I finished reading this advertisement, there occurred the most remarkable coincidence that has ever come under my observation. I heard a heavy tread on the stairs, and then the door opened, and there entered—Tim Lynch.—The moment I set eyes on him I recognized him as perfectly as though I had known him all his life. The army overcoat, and grey pants tucked in the heavy boots, the massive frame and shoulders, the slouched hat pulled down over his right eye to conceal—I was sure—the scar; above all a desperate, haunted look in his forbidding countenance—all were not to be mistaken. I was as certain of his identity as though he had stepped forward, pulled off his hat to show the scar, and told me his name.

To say I was not alarmed at this sudden and unwelcome intrusion would be untrue. I am not a brave man, and my present situation, alone in the depot with a desperate murderer, was by no means reassuring. My heart beat violently, but from mere force of habit I arose and asked him to be seated.—While he turned to comply, I succeeded in conquering my agitation to some extent.—He drew a chair noisily forward, and sitting down threw open his coat, displaying by so doing a heavy, navy revolver stuck in his belt. Then he freed his mouth of a quantity of tobacco juice, and spoke:

"Young fellow," he said, motioning with his head toward the battery, "that thar mashcen is what yer call a tellygram, I s'pose?"

"Well," I answered with a faint smile, intending to be conciliatory, "that's what we send telegrams by."

"Wal, I want ye to send a message to a friend o' mine out in Cohoe. I tell yer afore hand I hain't got no collateral. But I kinder guess you'd better trust me, young feller. There he laid his hand significantly on his belt, "I'll fetch it in ter morrow ef it's convenient."

I hastened to say that the charge could just as well be paid at the other end, by his friend.

"Umph! Plaguey little you'll git o' Jim, I reckon. Howsomever, proceed."

"What is the message, and to whom is it to go?"

"I want yer to tell Jim Fellers, of Cohoe, that the bull quit here last night, and that cheep'll be close on his heels."

As he delivered this sentence he looked at me as though he expected me to be mystified. But I thought it best not to appear so, and I said carelessly:

"I suppose you are a dealer in stock, and this is your partner? Ah, sir, the telegraph helps you fellows out of many a sharp bargain."

"Ya'as," he answered slowly, evidently pleased with the way I took it. "Ya'as, I'm in the way o' sending down a lot o' stock. Bought it dog cheap in Genesee, yisterday. Purty lot as yer ever see."

I turned to my instrument. What was to be done? Though ours was a railroad office we often send business messages; and if I did as usual, now I should probably get rid of my unwelcome visitor without further trouble. But in the short conversation with him I had somehow recovered from my first alarm, and I now conceived the idea of the capture of Tim Lynch.

I was only a poor salaried operator, trying to save enough to marry in the Spring. Five hundred dollars would do me a great deal of good just now—to say nothing of the eclat of the thing. But how was it to be accomplished? Here I was alone in the depot, with a man big enough to whip his weight in such little men as I was, several times over. Any attempt to secure him single-handed was not to be thought of.—But could I not excuse myself, and, going out, fasten him in? No well I knew from the distrustful look in his face that any proposal of mine to leave the room would be peremptorily objected to by him. What then?

Why simply this: I would telegraph to the down-town station. But alas! that very day the connection between the two offices had been cut for repairs. It was seldom used at any time, of course. But what of that? It was only a question of a few seconds more time.

All these thoughts went rapidly through my mind with the rapidity of lightning as I went to the battery. Lynch regarded me from the corner of his uncovered eye with a suspicion that made me shake in my shoes. As I sat down he arose and came to my side.

"Look a here, young fellar," he hissed in my ear, and his breath was sickening with the fumes of liquor, "p'raps you mean fair enough—I hope you do for your own sake. But I don't understand nothin' 'bout them telegrams, and I jest want 'ter tell ye that yer'd better be squar"—fur by the Eternal God! ef you go back on me, I'll stretch you on this floor as stiff as ever I did a man yit!" and I felt the cold muzzle of his revolver on my cheek. Perhaps my voice trembled a little, but I was still unmoved in my resolution as I replied:

"Never fear, sir; I'll tell him all about the stock. I'll mention something to him—and still remained standing over me.

You have heard perhaps how much character and expression a telegraph operator can put into his touch. Why, there were dozens of different operators communicating with our office, and I could tell at the instant, without even making a mistake, who it was signaling. You could tell if a man were nervous from his telegraphing, just as you could from his handwriting.—The call that I sent hurrying across the State to Council Bluffs, must have rung out upon the ears of the operator like a shriek.

"C. A. Are you there?" was what I asked, and almost instantly came back a reply in the affirmative. Then, with trembling hand, I rattled off my message: "For the love of God, telegraph to our down-town office at once. Tell them that Tim Lynch is within two feet of me, and they must send help."

A short pause, as though my message occasioned some surprise, and then the response came "All right!" which assured me that I need not repeat.

"Wal," growled the deep voice of Lynch, "are you goin' to send my message?"

"I have sent it, sir."

"What! Does that tickin' mean what I told you?"

"Yes, and if you will wait fifteen or twenty minutes, you'll get an answer."

"Wal;—I dunno as I want an answer.—Jim, he'll understand it all right."

"But I'll soon tell you whether he's there or not. Sit down."

So Lynch reluctantly took his seat, looking around at the door and windows once in a while in an uneasy way. I was determined to take him now at any cost; and verily believe that I should have planted myself in his path if he had insisted upon going now.

"Tick, tick, tick!" the battery called out, and I listened to the message: "Keep cool. Gould has gone for the police." Strange it was, wasn't it! That I should sit there and talk through two hundred and fifty miles of space with a man not half a mile from me.

"What's that signerfy?" inquired my companion, as the ticking ceased; and I replied that the clerk at Cohoe had just written off the message and sent it out. He seemed satisfied, and settled down in his chair, where he sat in sullen silence, his jaws going up and down as he chewed his weed.

Oh how slowly the minutes crept along. The suspense was terrible. I sat and watched the minute-hand of the clock, and five minutes seemed as many months. My companion seemed nervous, too. He moved uneasily in his chair.

"Ain't it bout time you heard from Jim?" he asked at length.

"We shall get word from him in a few moments now," I answered, and fell to watching the clock again. Five minutes more passed. Lynch got up and began pacing to and fro across the room. At length he paused and said:

"I don't b'lieve I'll wait any more. I've got to see a man down at the Pennsylvania House, and he'll be aded of I don't git thar pretty soon."

"Hold on a moment, and I'll see what they're up to," I cried hastily, and I touched the key again. "Make haste," was my message; "I shall lose him if you do not. Not a moment to spare." Straightway came the reply, short, but encouraging: "A squad of police started for the depot five minutes ago." Thank heaven! They ought to be here now. I looked at Lynch, and thought of the five hundred dollars.

"Wal, what's the word?" he growled impatiently.

"Your friend is coming, I answered, for want of a better reply.

"Comin'! Comin! Whar?"

"Coming to the office at Cohoe. He probably has an answer for you."

"An answer for me? Jim Fellers? What should he answer for?" Lynch stood in stupid thought for a moment; then he looked at me with a dangerous light in his eye. "Look a here, young feller!" he cried, "it's my private opinion you're lyin' to me; and ef you are"—here he uttered a horrible oath—"I'll cut your skulkin' heart out. I don't know anything 'bout thet thar mashcen, but I swar Jim Fellers hain't got nothin' to answer. More like he'd git up and scatter when he heerd thet message."

He stood glaring at me as he uttered these words, his hands on his revolver. I cannot account for it. As I before remarked, I am a timid man by nature. But this action only made me bolder. Everything depended upon keeping him a few seconds longer. It must be done at any cost. I tried a new plan.

"What do you mean, sir," I shouted, rising, "by coming into this office and talking in that style? Do you think I'll endure it? Leave this room at once, sir, or I'll——," and I advanced threateningly toward him. My unexpected attitude seemed to amuse him more than anything else, but it silenced his suspicions. He put his hands in his pockets, and delivered a loud laugh in my face.

"Wal, wal, my bantam; ye needn't git so cantankerous. Who'd thought such a little breeches as you had so much spunk? Haw! haw! haw! Why, I could chaw you up 'thout makin' two bites of ye."

"Well, sir," I said, still apparently unmollified, "either sit down and hold your tongue, or else leave the office." And he good-naturedly complied.

Once more we were sitting listening to the ticking of the clock, as the minutes dragged their slow length along. Would help ever come? Three minutes more. Good heavens! The suspense was becoming intolerable. I must go to the stairs and listen if I die for it. I arose and took a step toward the door, but a revolver stopped me.

"Hold!" shouted Lynch, standing upright, all his suspicions aroused once more; "Yer can't go out of thet door afore me. Come back here!"

"Sir!"

"Come back here, or by the eternal!" and the pistol muzzle looked me in the face. He stood now half turned from the door, and I was facing it. Slowly, without a particle of noise, I saw the knob turn and a face under a blue cap peep in. Thank God! Help had come! I felt a joy uncontrollable come over me! I must keep the murderer's attention a moment longer, till some one could spring upon him from behind. I walked straight up to him, but his quick ear had caught a movement behind. As he turned, with an oath, I sprang upon him, and bore down his arm just as the revolver went off, the ball burying itself harmlessly in the floor. Before he could free himself from my grasp, half a dozen officers were upon him, and he was quickly secured.

The next morning the papers were filled with glowing accounts of the capture of the murderer and praises of my conduct. The principal business men of the town made up a purse of five hundred dollars and presented it to me; and this, with the reward that was paid me the following week, enabled me to get married at Christmas. But I shudder at the remembrance of that half hour I spent alone with Tim Lynch; and I don't think one thousand dollars would tempt me to go through it again.

Lawyers should not be Asses.

Judge Underwood of Rome said to four lawyers who had just passed an examination in his court: "Young gentlemen, I want to say a thing or two to you. You have passed as good an examination as usual, perhaps better; and you don't know anything. Like these young fellows just back from their graduation college, you think you know a good deal. That is a great mistake. If you ever get to be of any account you will be surprised at your present ignorance. Don't be too big for your breeches. Go around to the justice's courts. Try to learn something. Don't be afraid. Set off upon a high key. You will, no doupt, speak a great deal of nonsense, but you will have one consolation; nobody will know it. The great mass of mankind take some of it for sense. Never mind about your case—pitch in. You are about as apt to win as lose. Don't be ashamed of the wise-looking justice. He don't know a thing. Stand to your rack, fodder or no fodder, and you will see daylight after a while. The community generally supposes that you will be rascals. There is no absolute necessity that you should. You may be smart without being tricky. Lawyers ought to be gentlemen. Some of them don't come up to the standard, and are a disgrace to the fraternity. They know more than any other race, generally, and not much in particular. You are dismissed with the sincere hope of the court that you will not make asses of yourselves.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Punctuality at Death.

Mr. Higgins was a very punctual man in all his transactions through life. He amassed a large property by untiring industry and punctuality; and at the advanced age of ninety years was resting quietly upon his bed, and calmly waiting to be called away. He had deliberately made almost every arrangement for his decease and burial. His pulse grew fainter and the light of life seemed just flickering in its socket, when one of his sons observed:

"Father, you will probably live but a day or two, is it not well for you to name your bearers?"

"To be sure, my son," said the dying man, "it is well thought of, and I will do it now."

He gave a list of six, the usual number, and sank back exhausted upon his pillow. A gleam of thought passed over his withered face like a ray of light, and he rallied once more.

"My son, read me that list. Is the name of Mr. Wiggins there?"

"It is, my father."

"Then strike it off," said he, emphatically, "for he was never punctual—was never anywhere in season—and he might hinder the procession a whole hour!"

Dinner a layin' around Loose.

He was a lank specimen, and if his legs could have been plaited for a handle the rest of him would have made a close resemblance to a big putty knife. He shuffled up to the counter and met the jovial landlord.

"Do you keep this hotel, gineral?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, I do," was the polite reply.

"Well, you've got a thundering big lot of house here, hain't you?"

"A tolerable amount," said the colonel.

"And a power o' dinner a layin' around loose, eh?"

"Well, quite enough."

"Just so, gineral, and you don't mind giving a poor devil just in from Kansas and the grass oppers a bit, do ye? I hain't got a cent now but a square meal for fo' months, and I'll swar to it on a stack of immigrant tickets as high as your steeples!"

He got a "squar meal."

The Poisoned Cup.

An actor became renowned, not so much for his histrionic performances as because he would never take any medicine, and his medical man was often obliged to resort to some stratagem to impose a dose upon him. There was a play in which the hero was sentenced, in prison, to drink a cup of poison. Our actor was playing this character one night in the provinces, and had given directions to have the cup filled with wine; but what was his horror, when he came to drink it, to find it contained a dose of senna! He could not throw it away, as he had to hold the goblet upside down to show his persecutors that he had drained every drop of it. Our celebrated actor drank the medicine with the slowness of a poisoned martyr; but he never forgave his medical man, as was proved at his death, for he died without paying his bill.

Young Folks' Column.

No Baby in the House.

No baby in the house, I know,
'Tis far too nice and clean;
No tops by careless fingers strewn
Upon the floor are seen:
No finger-marks are on the panes,
No scratches on the chairs,
No wooden men set up in rows,
Or marshalled off in pairs,
No little stockings to be darned,
All ragged at the toes;
No pile of mending to be done,
Made up of baby clothes:
No little trouble to be soothed,
No little hands to fold;
No grimy fingers to be washed,
No stories to be told;
No tender kisses to be given,
No nicknames, "Love," and "Mouse;"
No merry frolic after tea—
No baby in the house.

Tom Wilson's Scare.

After an absence of about half an hour, Tom appeared, staggering under the weight of a fine fat doe, which was soon dressed, and a portion of it boiling over the coals for supper. This over, we threw ourselves upon our blankets, and, while enjoying the cheerful light of our camp fire, Tom related his experience with the first grizzly he ever saw.

"You see when I first came to this country I didn't know much about it; but General Garland allowed I was the man he wanted to scout for him, and so I entered his service. When he was a-travelin' over the country, I used to make it a p'int to look round considerable when in camp, so as to get acquainted with it like, because in my business a feller had to know it pretty middling well.

"I'd heerd a good deal about grizzlies though I'd never seed one, for they don't have 'em up in Kentu